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LEO XIII AND HIS NEW-FOUND ADMIRERS.

CATHOLICS have been frequently warned against putting much trust in the foreign "religious" dispatches of the Associated Press. The province of this medium of communication is clearly the transmission of news only; and it transcends its functions when it proffers comment upon the facts which it announces. The telegraphing of foreign news is in the hands of a company, of which Baron Reuter, who, we understand, is a Jew, is the head. The habit of criticism, which is not associated with the idea of a news-carrier, is frequently pushed to extravagant lengths. Thus, prior to the election of the present Sovereign Pontiff, every rumor floating about Rome was telegraphed with appropriate comment; and the impression left upon the public mind was that the information was supplied from the most trustworthy sources. The views of a Roman correspondent are too often deemed of superlative value and importance. A leader in the London *Times* is considered oracular; and there is often a dull mass of surmise unenlivened by a single spark of trustworthy information. The reader of the public journals may not be aware that the Vatican is the most reticent of courts, and that every cleric is something of a diplomatist, at least so far as ability to hold his tongue is concerned. Even the public allocutions of the Pope are misreported, and conclusions are built on them which the premises do not warrant. It is useless to expect a change in the matter of sending news; for such is the inordinate demand for information, created by our modern modes of thought and life, that the telegraph must flash, if not true, then false fire.

For a thousand mistakes into which the press falls, it makes about one correction. The general intelligence of Catholics, and a safe instinct of faith, enable them to judge pretty surely of the value of a statement. But Protestants are but too ready to accept, with unquestioning and uncritical belief, the most improbable reports. It is a fact that the Vatican issues no bulletins, and has no wish or necessity to manipulate the press, —a practice to which European powers do not hesitate to resort, if they can thereby influence public opinion,—or, what is of more importance, the condition of the stock

market. The general unreliability of foreign intelligence may be shown from the contradictory and absurd news, opinions, and diplomatic moves that were connected with the Eastern war, and the pending questions which have grown out of it. The whole modern system of news-gathering and distributing needs radical change and improvement. There is no means of certifying information. We are helplessly dependent upon news associations, that are not often deeply impressed with the moral responsibility of uttering the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. The history of the Franco-German war brings out the fact that the French people were deluded with lying bulletins of victories up to the very hour when the German armies were thundering at the gates of the capital.

As a counter-agent to the misrepresentation of the Church, every Catholic journal should employ a discreet correspondent at Rome, with a special view to transmit correct news, and to furnish the material for the contradiction or the correction of the hostile or indifferent public press. The late Dr. Marshall conducted a special department in the *London Tablet*, wherein the lying reports, false criticism, and unjust comments of the daily and weekly English press on the subject of the Church were handled with exquisite satire and merciless castigation. The results of his studies in this direction he afterward embodied in a book (*Protestant Journalism*), which is deeply interesting for more reasons than the obvious one. The average Roman correspondent cannot be expected to know much about the policy of a Church in which he does not believe, and which, perchance, he has been taught to regard as a system of error and irreligiousness. The complicated questions of Church policy tempt his vanity in the way of endeavoring to understand and condemn them; the exclusiveness of Catholic prelates awakens his pique and resentment; the anti-Catholic spirit of the Italian government seems to him to reflect the real sentiments of the nation at large, and the safety which attends any attack upon the Pope and the Church combines to color his views and statements with the dark hues of hatred, or the negative tints of supercilious criticism and inane philosophizing.

The public should be trained to hold a correspondent or news agent to his point, with the pertinacity of an advocate eliciting or sifting testimony. Hearsay evidence is properly ruled out of court. The private judgment or formed opinion of a witness count for nothing, and are sternly repressed. However valuable to his seeming his impressions and convictions may be, the law regards them as worthless and irrelevant. We should put newsmen in the witness-box, and check their ardent wishes to expatiate upon the items of news they unfold. All that we want is the fact. We can make up our own minds upon its bearings and consequences.

To read the comments of journalists upon the future policy of Pope Leo XIII, their evident desire to regard him as a radical reformer, a liberal, or, in short, anything except the stern and uncompromising champion of the Church, one would suppose that a "gentleman of the press" daily interviews the Supreme Pontiff. Before the election of Cardinal Pecci, we were assured of the hopelessness of his election, from the circumstance of his being Camerlengo, which office was said to practically exclude him from the choice of the cardinals. Now, this we knew to be intrinsically contradictory and absurd. Every cardinal is a potential Pope. No matter what office he fills, no matter what his qualifications or disqualifications may be, his eligibility to the tiara is part of the very constitution of the government of the Church. People who form their ideas of an election from county

conventions and political ward meetings, from the American caucus or the English standing for Parliament, should learn that the system of electing a Pope is as near perfection as any system that ever was or can be framed. There will never be any need of an electoral commission to determine the election of a Pope; and even in the distracted times of the great schism of the West, when there were two and even three anti-Popes in the field, there was never any doubt upon the mind of the Church as to who was her properly elected and constituted head. Trained human foresight, impartiality, absence of ambition, and a profound desire to do the best for the Church enter as elements in the cardinalitial choice, and play as mighty influences. When we reflect upon the penalties amounting to excommunication, suspension, and canonical irregularity that are visited upon cardinals that do not comply with the sacred canons regulating the papal election, the charge becomes a very grave one, which represents the sacred college as filled with men who would grasp the tiara with violent, dexterous, or unscrupulous hand. The completest freedom and fairness are aimed at, and aimed at honestly, so we are justified in believing them secured. The precautions taken strike one as very strict, and in many details unnecessary; but they are rigidly carried out. These human measures of themselves would warrant a certainty of fair election, and when viewed as accompanied by the Divine light and assistance, even the suspicion of unfairness or irregularity cannot be reasonably indulged in by a non-Catholic, whilst *his* faith is dead who would consider a papal election as open to any questionings whatever. One good office the telegraph did for us was its rapid intelligencing the world with the election of Leo XIII, a no inconsiderable good, for in olden times the distant portions of the Church were not apprised of the election of her head until months and months had elapsed, and this sometimes left far-away bishops in a state of perplexity, and at times resulted in many inconveniences, as the student of ecclesiastical history knows.

The world now busies itself with speculations upon the Pope's policy. There is a widespread impression that he is more "liberal" than his immediate predecessor, and more disposed to accept the loss of the temporal power as an accomplished fact. He is represented as holding broad and modern views, and his new-found admirers are sedulously conveying the impression that Pope Leo is the pope of the nineteenth century, ready to abandon many of the old Church claims. The wildest theory of the newspaper men is that he will virtually forego his doctrinal infallibility, and check the passionate ardor of devotion to the Blessed Virgin, which inferences, say they, are deducible from his consistorial address of March 29th, in which he lays great stress upon the dignity and authority of the sacred college, etc.

As Catholics, in spite of our warnings to take foreign telegraphic intelligence *cum grano salis*, will continue to read the papers and consciously or unconsciously modify their opinions by them, it is proper that we set forth some leading and fixed principles of papal action, which result from the position and relation which the Pope sustains to the Church and to the world. These principles are very simple, and when once understood and appreciated, will solve any ordinary question relative to what the Pope may or may not do in his spiritual and temporal intercourse with the world.

The Pope, viewed in his spiritual relations and office, is the visible representative of ecclesiastical unity; the sovereign teacher and custodian of the faith; the supreme lawgiver; the guardian and interpreter of the

sacred canons; the legitimate superior of all bishops; the final judge of councils, an office which he possesses in his own right, and which he has always exercised by presiding over all Œcumenical councils personally, or through his legates, and by confirming the acts of councils as the Supreme Head of the Universal Catholic Church. His infallible magisterium, *ex cathedra*, though of recent definition, has always been acknowledged by the Church. He has settled controversies in all ages by his own authority. He enjoys a pre-eminence of honor and jurisdiction. These are his spiritual prerogatives inherent in the Primacy. They are inseparable from him as the Head of the Church. The plenitude of authority and jurisdiction, infallibility in teaching *ex cathedra*, supremacy over all bishops, singly and collectively, and other spiritual powers and functions, inhere in his headship or primacy as the successor of St. Peter, constituted by Christ as the Rock or foundation-stone of the Church.

The possession of these admirable and awful powers and dignities does not, of course, affect the Pope's action in merely personal or temporal matters unconnected with his sublime office. As a private doctor or theologian he is at liberty to hold a difference of views such as is permitted by the liberty of the faith. He is not endowed with infallibility except under the conditions adverted to: *i. e.*, when as Supreme Teacher of the Church he defines faith and morals. Mr. Gladstone made a great ado about the meaning of the word "morals" in the Vatican decrees, claiming that it implied the widest sweep of meaning, and included all the offices of civil and social life. But the sense of the word, as used theologically, is clear to any candid mind. The Pope is not impeccable or exempt from the danger of falling into sin. He is not an arrogant or irresponsible autocrat, but is bound by the Divine law, from which he cannot derogate, as firmly as the humblest of Christians. Nor can he dispense in graver ecclesiastical law without just cause,—at least, not arbitrarily and unreasonably. His life is marked out for him with a particularity of detail which few of us would relish. He engages in no measures without long and frequent consultation with his various congregations, for even the sublime act of proclaiming infallible truth is not prophetic or inspirational, but proceeds *per modum divinæ assistentiæ*, or through the divine assistance, which does not exempt him from the obligation of most careful and accurate examination and consultation.

His temporal relations, whilst devoutly believed to be under the special guidance of God for the good of the Church, are not attended with infallibility. He may err diplomatically, and his temporal power, whilst highly conducive and most necessary to the welfare of the Holy See, is no part of the spiritual office. The martyred Popes of the catacombs, the exiled Pontiff of Avignon, and the suffering and imprisoned Popes of later times, were just as much the Heads of the Church and the Vicars of Jesus Christ, as if they were seated upon the pontifical throne amid the splendors of the Vatican and the majesty of St. Peter's. The relation of the Pope to the world is defined by strict lines of custom and doctrine. His chief solicitude being the preservation of the purity of the faith and the morality of Christendom, his dealings with the world have always been directed to these ends. He can make no compromise with evil. He can give no sanction to views which are in the least hostile to Christian faith and morals. The history of the Papacy is a history of warfare with evil, of opposition to the spirit of lawlessness and lasciviousness, and of stern condemnation

of prevailing errors, no matter how fashionable or seductive. The example and action of his predecessors furnish every Pope with precedents. He is guided by a traditional policy which has for him all the authority and sanctity of law. The judgment of the Holy See upon any grave temporal question can always be anticipated by a recurrence to its past action and tradition.

The prophetic words of Christ referring to the hatred and persecution which his Apostles should meet with from the world, have been fully realized in the fortunes of the Papacy. The Popes have always shrunk from the caresses of the world, knowing the hollowness of its professions of friendship. For the first three centuries the pontifical throne was the seat of martyrdom. Under the emperors of the West, who owed their crown and sceptre to the Roman Pontiff, he suffered long and bitter opposition. It was Leo I that crowned Charlemagne. It was a descendant of Charlemagne that did his best to discrown Gregory VII. The history of the middle ages is filled with the conflicts of the Popes and emperors, and bears testimony to the unflinching resolve on the papal part to keep the liberties of the Church intact, and the morality of the people unscandalized, even if, as supreme arbiter and judge of Christendom, the Pope were obliged to shake a monster from the throne. The Protestant Reformation, and, it is to be feared, its logical sequences, the French Revolution and the present unholy alliances of religious and political anarchists, brought out the noblest courage, steadfastness, and unwavering faith of the Apostolic See, which never gave uncertain sound in its outspoken exposure and condemnation of modern errors.

Our readers will conclude from this summary of Papal powers and traditions, that the policy of Pope Leo XIII cannot but proceed upon the fixed laws, conditions, and environments of his office and duties. He is an official personage, a supreme head, a king and lawmaker, and his powers and functions in these several relations are defined and regulated by immemorial custom and law. It is absurd to represent him as inaugurating a policy different from that which Divine and human wisdom has shown to be the best for the Church and the world. Whatever private views or opinions he may hold, he is bound by the Church to subordinate them to her law and general practice. This is, of course, the case with all officials. They must fulfil their office; and as the Pope exercises the supreme legislative power of the Church, this very office will make him conservative, and all the more prudent and cautious, as her responsible executive.

It is extremely improbable that he will make any overtures to the Italian government which might be construed into an acknowledgment of its establishment or authority. He cannot forego his claim to his temporal power, for it is not his to give up. It belongs to the Holy See, on what Gibbon calls the best and clearest title, "the free gift of a people whom the Roman Pontiff had redeemed from slavery." The Pope cannot sanction a wrong, which he would do by acknowledging the right of the King of Savoy to the legal possession of Rome and the Papal territories. As to the liberality of the Pope, whatever that may mean, it certainly does not signify that easy compliance with the opinions of the world, and the laxity of belief that characterize what is known as Liberalism. We should regard the Pope as certainly the last man in the world to countenance theories and opinions which undermine the very foundations of his authority.

On the whole, our readers may rest assured that despite the omniscience of the newspaper men, Pope Leo will continue to walk in the footsteps of

his great predecessor, or if he is called upon to frame any policy to meet contemporary political entanglements, he will be guided by the traditions of the Holy See. The unchangeableness of the Church in dogma seems to extend beyond doctrinal limits, and to give the form to all her actions. She is immutable in the most comprehensive sense. An experienc of two thousand years in dealing with the world leaves her now very little to learn, and as the world varies only in the methods of attack and not in the spirit of its hate, so Pope Leo XIII will meet and overcome it, if not with the old weapons of defence which Hallam sneered at as impotent and antiquated, and which Gladstone spoke of as "furbished anew," he will employ quite as readily new implements of warfare, adjusted to the new conditions; for the Church is ever ancient and ever new, and he will be filled with the immortal spirit of wisdom and courage that illumined the minds and strengthened the hearts of the Vicars of Jesus Christ from Peter to Pius IX.

EASTER LILIES.

I.

EASTER DAY came early that year, consequently there were no flowers outside the greenhouses for the decoration of the churches. And the sun had set and the darkness of the early spring day had begun to steal over the earth before Marion Raynor had finished her duties in the sanctuary of St. Mary's. The interior of the church was but dimly lighted by a lamp sitting upon a side table within the sanctuary rails, and one or two jets of gas beside the confessionals at the foot of the church. Of course the sanctuary light was burning, but as it hung in its antique brass lamp from the groined roof, it availed little save to show that the Divine Prisoner of the tabernacle was on the altar.

"A few cut lilies!" Marion was passing from the sanctuary into the sacristy and had glanced at the statue of Our Lady; she was almost unconscious of speaking till she received a very matter of fact answer.

"It is too late to get any now, I suppose," replied her assistant, a young seminarian. She started at his voice, for her thoughts had been far away; then, smiling to herself, answered sadly:

"Yes, I suppose so; so if you will help me fill this basket with the best of these flowers left from the bouquets—they must do, and then, after the vestments are laid out, all will be ready."

"Did you see that great rent in the Brussels alb, Miss Raynor?"

"Oh, yes; it is too bad! but I mended it very carefully this morning."

For a few moments they worked in silence, and when the basket was arranged to her taste with a few crocuses and narcissi, daily roses, heliotrope and smilax, it was a very pretty sight. Marion took it up, and entering the sanctuary laid it on the pedestal, at the feet of the statue of Mary. She turned to pass down into the body of the church, intending to take her chance at the confessional, and knelt before the altar for an instant in the customary adoration, then a little longer to criticize her work.

While so occupied, a gentleman entered the church, accompanied by a child of some five years, who held in her hands an exquisite crown of jasmine, tuberoses, heliotrope, violets, and lilies. The latter flowers were ranged round the base and over the niches. It was perfect in its chaste richness. The gentleman whispered a few words to the child, and then passing her, knelt in a pew near the head of the aisle. The little girl advanced slowly, glancing from her flowery burden to the kneeling figure before the altar. Presently, Marion rose from her knees and turned to descend the steps of the sanctuary. Then the child stood still, and as Marion walked down the aisle she was so attracted by the mass of white, which the odor of the violets told her were flowers, that she did not notice two dark eyes gleaming at her with hunger in them when the gentleman raised his head on her passing him.

"Papa sent them," said the little girl, holding the crown up to Marion.

"Oh, how exquisite! Who is your papa, little girl?"

"There he is," said the child, pointing to the pew. Marion looked, and saw a man in a light gray overcoat, kneeling devoutly with bent head. The darkness prevented her forming any idea of what he looked like, and she would not have known him again. "He is very kind, very," she said, speaking a little louder, "and I was just wishing for some lilies. They have come to my wish!"

Then she turned to retrace her steps to the sacristy. With her face to the altar she paused, and bending over the delicate petals, kissed them. At the action the gentleman, who had turned his head slightly and saw it, started and shivered, and then bent his head down again upon the division of the pew.

"So weak after all these years! And in this sacred place! Ah! God help me."

She murmured the words, and hurried back to the sacristy. It took her some time to arrange the frail beauties so that their freshness would be preserved until the morning, and when she re-entered the church she missed the kneeling figure and the child's bright dress. She was very tired, for she had been busy about the altar since twelve o'clock, so it was not very astonishing that she should find relief in a quiet cry as she knelt waiting her turn for confession. When it came she was not detained very long, but when she was about to resume her place in the pew she found the little girl there amusing herself with the pictures of a stray prayer book.

"Where is your papa, dear?" she asked.

"He's down in dat box," the child replied, pointing with a chubby finger to the farther side of the confessional.

"Well, he'll be out presently," said Marion, and resumed her devotions.

But he did not come out presently; fifteen, twenty, thirty minutes passed, and he did not come. The child wearied of her prayer book, and Marion gave her her beads to look at; they were evidently a novelty, and she examined the crucifix and reliquary with great interest, and demanded that the latter be opened if possible.

Marion opened it and the crucifix, and told her what they contained, but she found she was speaking to alien ears; the child had evidently neither seen nor heard anything of the kind before. At last she climbed over Marion and made her way to the door of the pew and out, evidently with the intention of investigating the reasons for the detention of her papa in "dat box." But Marion caught her and coaxed her to come with her into the sacristy, which she did willingly enough. Then she wrote a few words on a slip of paper, and sent the seminarian with the missive

to the priest who was hearing confessions. The note was simply requesting Father O'Keeffe to tell the gentleman whose confession he was hearing that his little girl was safe with her. So long a time still passed that the little one had fallen asleep in Marion's lap, unable to hold her violet eyes open longer, even to the fascinations of Jack and the Beanstalk or poor Little Red Riding Hood. Marion laid her on a lounge in the sitting-room, which opened into the sacristry, and which was her special sanctum for her sanctuary work. Then she busied herself about the last arrangements, saw that the vestments were all in order, and while she did so the odors from the violets and heliotropes in the floral crown (which she had put in here for the night as the coolest place) carried her thoughts back, far back, to a Holy Week seven years ago. How full of hope and life the world was for her then—and now!

She turned at a slight noise, and there, standing on the threshold, was the gentleman whom the little girl had called "Papa." Yes, there was no mistake; but could it be, was it here they were to meet after all these years, and thus?

She knew him instantly, and her head swam for an instant, and she clutched at the edge of the table to keep herself from falling. He reached her side in two strides, and taking her in his arms kissed her lips and eyes once—twice, passionately. Then he led her to a chair and pressed her gently into it, dropped on his knees, and hiding his face in the folds of her dress, sobbed with all the abandon of deep sorrow.

She let her hand fall on his head with a gentle caress, and said:

"Ernest, my darling, my love."

"No! no! Marion, forgive me, I am married!"

She roused herself in a moment and drew herself away from him.

"Married, of course! This child! Your words require an explanation."

"Yes, married, unhappy man that I am; but whether my wife lives or not I am ignorant."

"Ah!"

It was all she said, but the long-drawn agony of that word told how hope had died a second time in her heart.

"Do not kneel at my feet any longer; your place is not there, at least but—"

"In repentance and for forgiveness you would say. I know, I know, but oh, Marion, if I could tell you." He walked up and down the small room impatiently while she sat with hands writhed together in her lap, and her large eyes watching him out of a pale, woe-stricken face. "I left you in anger, and I married a sweet-faced siren who wanted my money. Three years ago, she left her eighteen months old baby in its cradle and sailed for Europe with her lover. Whether she lives or not I know not. I kept track of them for a while through a friend, who is our consul at Havre, but for six months he has given me no tidings. Then I sought to dissipate my trouble by travelling. I have a kind nurse for May, and we arrived here a few days ago. I remembered your care for the sanctuary, and also that it is the Holy Week, and I came here last Wednesday and saw you busy about the altar, just as in old times, and I almost thought the past was a dream, only I remembered the trifling disagreement which caused all this misery, and I but sought to make the same means the source of reconciliation."

"Reconciliation. You are cruel."

"No, I am not, I—"

"You are a Catholic?"

"No."

"Then why that hour spent in the confessional?"

"Because I wanted to open my heart to some one or it would have burst; because I wanted to know how I could approach you; because I felt that I must have rest and peace

for a little while, and I had never found it in all my seeking elsewhere."

"And have you found it now?"

"Marion you love me!"

"Hush! God help me!"

"Then you do! you do! Take my poor forsaken baby; keep her for me; I will search Europe over till I find her. If she is still living, which I have every reason to doubt, she cannot live long; she is exposed to want and misery; if I find her I will do what I can to save her, and I will not see you again till I am free! Then, then, you will be my wife?"

"It is no time to ask that question to-night. I cannot answer it."

"You will pray for me?"

"Yes, I have done so all these years!"

"Ah, Marion, what a fool I have been!"

At this moment a footfall was heard in the hall at the door, and a knock disturbed them. Marion's carriage was waiting to take her home. She made a great effort and spoke calmly to the servant, telling him to wait, she would be ready presently. As soon as the door was closed again she made a sign to Ernest for silence, and passing him swiftly into the sanctuary, knelt for a few moments in prayer. When she rose she was calm and self-possessed. She returned to find her visitor seated with his head bowed down upon his knees and clasped in both his hands.

"I must go now," she said, quietly. "How will you get May home, she is so sound asleep?"

"I must call a carriage. I—"

"Then let me offer you mine. At what hotel are you stopping?"

He told her and stooped to lift the sleeping child. The little thing opened her eyes an instant, her head fell on her father's shoulder, and a little arm went round his neck. She was asleep again. When they reached the carriage he laid May upon the front seat, then assisted Marion to enter, and telling the coachman where to drive, turned without a word and hurried away. When they reached the hotel he was at the private entrance waiting with the nurse, who took the sleeping girl from him and carried her within. Then he entered the carriage himself and sat facing Marion.

"I may see you to-morrow?" he asked, when they reached the house. The drive had been a silent one.

"Is it wise?" she asked.

"It is necessary if you accept my —if you will do the kind act I ask of you."

"I will do that. I will care for little May as tenderly as possible."

"Thanks!" He took both her hands and raised them to his lips, then assisted her to alight, escorted her to the door, and as soon as it was opened bade her good-night, and left her, saying,

"To-morrow, then, at two o'clock."

Marion entered the house like one in a dream. She sought her own room immediately, for she felt that she must have a little while to herself for thought and silence; but in the course of half an hour went downstairs and took her place at the tea table.

After the meal was over and they were alone together in the parlor, she told her father of the interview, and of her promise.

Marion's mother was dead and she had long been her father's housekeeper. Her only brother was studying for the priesthood, at the Propaganda in Rome. Mr. Raynor had been father and brother both to Marion, and there existed an unusual tenderness, as well as a species of *camaradine* between them. He listened to her story and sat silent for a few moments after it.

"You are strong enough for it, my darling?"

"I think so papa, if I do not see *him* constantly. The pain is all there. I can have only pity for the little one."

"The child may be a difficult one

to manage; she may inherit her mother's traits."

"Poor little thing! I will find out whether she has been baptized. If not, it shall be done at once. My greatest doubt has been about you, papa. The child may disturb you, her childish noise and restlessness may break in upon your hours of study and quiet."

"Never fear for me, my daughter. My own children were never checked in their childish noises or pleasures for my comfort. They never interfered with it, so let that point rest."

"Then you consent?"

"Most heartily, pet, only I hope my brave daughter has not overtaxed her strength."

"I think not, papa, with God's help and yours."

Both were silent after this, Marion seated at her father's feet with her head resting on his knee, he with his fingers threading through her loosened hair.

II.

THE next morning, when Marion hurried to the church to place her floral crown in its proper place, Father O'Keeffe followed her into her little sanctum, and said,

"My child, you saw Mr. Graham last evening?"

"Yes, Father."

"He was strangely agitated, and told me he seemed impelled after leaving the church to return and speak to me. He told me all, my child, and asked me how he might approach you, what proposition he might make."

"You hardly sent him, the husband of one woman, to ask another to marry him?" asked Marion.

"No; you know I could not do that, but he told me his wife was probably dead, it had been so long since he had heard of her, and she was naturally quite delicate, and that he wished you to accept the care of his little girl, for he knew you were neither married nor engaged. I told him he must not leave you one moment in ignorance of his wife's existence."

"He did not," said Marion.

"He promised me he would not, and on that condition I told him there could be no impropriety in his seeking you."

Marion smiled, but said nothing.

"He told me of the trifling disagreement which had separated you, of his marriage in a fit of resentment, that he still regarded you as worthy of all esteem and regard, that he had found out too late his mistake, but that he would bear the consequences with what strength he could, and begged me to add my entreaties to his that you would consent to assume the care of his child while he went on his painful search for the erring mother."

"I have decided to accept the charge, Father, and papa is willing that I should," replied Marion.

"I am glad you have, my child, and may God give you strength to do your duty by her and to bear your burden yet a little longer."

Strange and tumultuous thoughts coursed through Marion's brain during the two hours the service lasted. All the weary waiting, the sad and lonely days of the long seven years seemed but as a dream, dispelled at the sound of his voice, at the touch of his hand. And yet, what a gulf lay between them! She longed for and yet dreaded the interview which was to follow, and prayed with all her soul for strength to go through it properly.

The dreaded hour arrived, and Marion Raynor and Ernest Graham were once more face to face in the very room where, seven years before, they had parted with stern, cruel words on his part, a proud silence on hers. And why? Because the next day being Easter Sunday, she had carried a basket of lilies which he had brought her to the church for the altar, and he had expressed his displeasure. She had replied by say-

ing that nothing was too precious or too beautiful for an offering there—and he had retaliated with some sneer at her "idolatrous faith;" one word had led to another on his part, until he had lost all command of himself, and the interview had ended in her drawing a diamond ring off her finger and handing it to him as she swept past him up the staircase to her own room. The next day a cold formal note of apology from him had accompanied all her little billets and trifling presents—even to a few dried violets and a tuberose which had dropped from her dress one evening at a party. From that day to the previous one she had never seen him, and the time had been seven weary years! Ah, how cruel men can be to hearts that trust and love them sometimes!

Marion was spared any renewal of the scene at the church. He was calm and composed. The conversation was confined to the business in hand and a few commonplaces, which sounded so strangely from his lips. Then Mr. Raynor came in, and the two gentlemen met as though it had been but yesterday they had parted. The next morning May was installed in her new home, and in a day or so became perfectly happy. As soon as he was satisfied that the child would not pine for him, her father bade his friends farewell, and promising to write to Mr. Raynor, who also, it was arranged, was to keep him posted about his little girl, and who had given him a letter of introduction to his son in Rome, started upon his sad strange journey.

III.

EIGHT months had passed since Ernest Graham started on his sad search. The summer months were spent by Marion and her little charge up among the mountains of New Hampshire. Mr. Raynor was with them part of the time, and received several letters from the traveller, letters which Marion did not read. The last was written in Rome, about the first of September, in which he spoke of the kindness which he had received from Paul Raynor, and the assistance which he had given him. To-day a letter from Paul himself tells them that since the first week in September he has seen nothing of Mr. Graham, and he is writing on the 15th of November. His letter was full of interest, for it is the first they have had since the "Italian occupation," as is the euphonious way of mentioning the bold robbery of the Sardinian king, and he gives them a thrilling account of the events of that momentous September. He pointed out to them how truly prophetic were Thiers's words that, "He who eats Pope dies of him;" for was ever so marked a series of coincidences shown before? On August 4th the French troops evacuate Rome, and on the same day the Germans are victorious at Wissembourg. On August 5th, while the French leave Viterbo, the Germans pass the French frontier. At five o'clock the French flag is lowered from the ramparts of Civita Vecchia, on the 6th, and at the same hour, the French flag fell into the hands of the Prussians after the terrible battle of Woerth. August 7th, the last 4000 French troops leave the Papal States; the same day 4000 French soldiers are made prisoners by the Germans! September 16th, the troops of Victor Emanuel seize Civita Vecchia; the same day the Prussians take Versailles. On September 19th, the Piedmontese invest Rome; on the same day Paris is invested by the Prussians. On the next day they open fire upon the walls of Rome, and at the same time the imperial palace of St. Cloud is burned. The Papal army quits Rome on the 21st, and the same day Toul capitulates. On September 28th, the Piedmontese general

asserts himself master of Rome, and the same day 17,000 prisoners are taken, and Strasbourg capitulates.

On October 11th, the grand force of the plebiscite gives Rome to Victor Emanuel, while Orleans is taken by assault, and on the same day, October 22d, that the Italian ministers answer the congratulatory letter of the French ambassador on the capture of Rome, St. Quentin is taken, shelled, and fined two millions of francs, and five days afterwards Metz capitulates and 173,000 prisoners are taken.

And the list was to be extended far into the new year, showing how the vengeance of God followed step by step the treachery of Louis Napoleon towards the Sovereign Pontiff. In his letter Paul Raynor spoke also of the grand dignity displayed by Pius IX during these terrible days, described how, while telegrams were lying to the world about the Roman revolution, and the robber king's army was marching across the Campagna from Civita Vecchia, and the cuirassiers were even then descending the Janiculun hill, the Holy Father, on the 16th of September, accompanied by his private secretary and chaplain and one or two cardinals, and followed at some distance by two or three of the Swiss guards, had walked the whole length of the Corso, from the foot of the Capitol to the Piazza di Spagna and back again, and how the people flocked out to kneel for his blessing, and how little children ran to kiss his hand! This was his last public appearance. The next day he took up his abode in the Vatican, and who shall describe his agony?

A few days afterwards the Guard a Nobile at Porta Pia proved their devotion to him, and it was only at his order that they capitulated. He had done all that was necessary to show the world that he yielded to force from an alien, not the revolution of his own children.

The hearts of the Raynors were sad, as were all Catholic hearts during those dark days, but added to that sorrow for the Holy Father was an anxiety, which she tried to smother, for tidings of the wanderer, in Marion's breast.

A postscript to her brother's letter did not attract her attention at first. It was as follows:

"I have just been sent for by Mgr. Chatard, the rector of the American College, with reference to a poor woman who came into the city with the Italian troops, and who is dying. He says she wishes to make a written confession, and as I was with him this afternoon he naturally remembered me as being able to take it. So I must go."

Meantime little May was perfectly happy and content, though of course sometimes questioning when papa would come to see her.

In a few days, by the next mail, came a package from Paul Raynor, with intelligence which shook Marion's soul to the centre. May's mother was found, and dead and buried! The unfortunate woman to whose bedside he had been led by a passing remembrance of Mgr. Chatard, was no other than the forlorn sinner for whom Ernest Graham had been seeking. Paul Raynor had been able to console her dying hours by an account of the happy home her child had found, and of the quest her betrayed husband was making for her, for the purpose of rescuing her from want, and, if possible, finding for her a place of safety. She died after an earnest confession of her sins and baptism in articulo mortis, leaving a letter imploring pardon of her husband and some legacies for May if he should see fit to give them to her. But the unhappy husband had disappeared as completely and suddenly as if the earth had opened and closed over him.

So the months grew weary for Marion. She had not known how much she had allowed herself to dream of what might be in the far

dim future, because she had striven conscientiously to keep all such thoughts out of her mind. But she found that they had crept in in spite of her. Strive as she would a melancholy settled down over her, against which she was powerless. This last sorrow was worse than the first. Mr. Raynor noticed the troubled change in his daughter,and could only grieve with her. The Christmas times were made merry for little May,and except her "papa" the child missed nothing from her life.

IV.

At last with the New Year came a letter from Paul Raynor. Ernest Graham was found! He was very ill, and had, on hearing all that Raynor had to tell him, expressed his thanks and an ardent wish that he could see Marion. His long absence had been caused by illness and imprisonment. He had gone out to walk on the Campagna one day and been captured by a set of banditti, who, anticipating the march of their king, had impudently and boldly made their way almost to the gates of Rome. He had been held for ransom,and allowed to communicate with the American minister at Rome, but that functionary was too busy throwing up his hat for Victor Emanuel and entwining his country's flag with the arch robber's own colors to attend to his proper duties,and so the letter had been neglected until the writer was too ill to care what the result was. Perhaps he would never have emerged from the hiding-place of his captors, a rocky promontory between Rome and Naples, had not the chief of the band, assuming the dress of a Franciscan friar,made his way into the Eternal City and visited the American legation in person.

As soon as arrangements could be made the Raynors started for this unexpected journey, and made their way at once to Rome. On their arrival Paul met them with the intelligence that Ernest Graham had been very much better, but that nervous anxiety as to whether Marion would really come had brought on a relapse, and at present his life was despaired of. It was several days before he was conscious of anything. Marion took her place at his bedside, and devoted herself to him. Rome, with its glories and its shames, had no place in her mind. As soon as he was well, she said, she would have time to see all.

She had been inexpressibly shocked at the first sight of that fever-stricken form and sad face; he was in delirium when she first stood at his bedside, but at sight of her called her Marion, and so continued to do all the time. The physician said if sleep could not be brought about he could not outlive the attack. He had not slept for three days and nights previous to Marion's arrival. She saw the prescription administered which was to induce the sleep of cure, and seating herself by the bedside she laid one cool soft hand on the restless ones of the patient, and the other on his forehead, and gently, but firmly, passed it over the temples with an even, light pressure. In a very short time the muttering lips were silent, the staring eyes were closed, and presently a gentle, regular respiration told that sleep had come. For two hours Marion sat there, not daring to move, hardly daring to breathe. Then she had been looking out of the window, for from her seat at the bedside she could do so, down the Aventine hill to where the marvellous dome told her lay St. Peter's, and beyond that she could see a mass of bricks and stone which she knew was the palace and prison of the grand old man whose *non possumus* had confounded all the plans of kings and cabinets, when their machinations had threatened to trench upon his God-given prerogatives, or the rights and liberties of religion. Her thoughts had gone out of that fever-stricken room

over the free hills to the palace, and back over the years during which this glorious Pontiff had, as it seemed, gathered into his reign all the glories and all the sufferings of his one hundred and sixty predecessors. For a few moments she had forgotten where she was, then a slight tremor in the hands that lay beneath hers brought her wandering thoughts back, and looking at her patient she was met by the dark eyes of Ernest fixed upon her intelligently. He smiled a sad smile of satisfaction, and turning his head slightly on the pillow, fell off into a sleep as natural and as calm as an infant's.

V.

"MARION!" the second sleep had brought strength with it, and the first use of it had been to speak her name. "Marion, dear love."

"Yes, I am here; but you must not talk."

"I will not, if I can hear from your lips that I am forgiven, if—"

"You are—you are—get well, darling, for my sake."

Which he proceeded to do as quickly as possible.

When the Easter lilies bloomed that year there was a profusion of them strewn in front of the statue of Our Lady in one of the chapels of Santa Maria supra-Minerva; and one day, at the early hour of seven in the morning, during the Easter week, a young priest, just consecrated, baptized a tall dark man, who walked as though he were just recovering from a long illness, and who leaned on the arm of a young lady who wore the traditional robes of a bride, and who was supported on the other side by a dignified white-haired gentleman of about sixty. As soon as the baptismal ceremony was over, the newly baptized and the white-robed woman knelt before the altar and were made man and wife. Behind them knelt a servant and a little girl. Then the nuptial mass was said,—only the day before Paul Raynor had said his *first*,—and when all religious rites were over, no happier group paid their first visit to St. Peter's than Mr. and Mrs. Graham and Mr. Raynor, with Paul as a *cicerone*.

Ernest's wedding present to his bride was a bunch of Easter lilies in Roman mosaic, set as a locket in a frame of diamonds and pearls.

SONNET OF LOVE.

Is love the passion that the poets feign,
  Drawn from the ruins of old Grecian time,
  Born of Priapus and all earthy slime,
And tricked by troubadours in trappings vain
Of flowers fantastic, like a Hindoo fane,
  Or the long metre of an antique rhyme
  Dancing in dactyls? Is love, then, a crime—
A rosy day's eternity of pain?
If we love God, we know what loving is,
  For love is God's, he sent it to the earth,
    Half human, half divine, all glorious,—
Half human, half divine, but wholly his,
  Not loving God, we know not true love's worth,
    We taste not the great gift he gave to us.

THE LAST ACTS OF PIUS THE NINTH.

THE present year will certainly never be reckoned as one of those uneventful periods of time which leave little or nothing behind them for the historian to record. It has already witnessed the vacancy of the usurped throne of what is called the "Kingdom of Italy" —that creation of violence and mendacity which has caused so many deep sorrows to the Catholic Church. It has witnessed the termination of the war between Russia and Turkey, in what is already hailed or denounced as the overthrow of the Empire of the Sultan, at least in Europe. The death of Victor Emanuel may very possibly be the introduction to great political changes in the peninsula over which that grotesque historical personage claimed to rule. The prostration of Turkey will even more probably lead, not only to a state of things in which the conquered party in the struggle lies, for the moment, at the mercy of the conqueror, but to the entire political and social transformation of the southeast of Europe. The third great event of the present year, which will have moved men's hearts more deeply and truly than the other two, will produce far less of change and nothing of revolution. Pius the Ninth, the great Pope, in so many senses of the word great, of the nineteenth century, passes to his rest, so well-earned by long years of vigilant activity and patient suffering for the cause of the Church. He passes away "like a shock of wheat brought in its season," ripe, over-ripe, as it might seem to human calculation, for the garner, and yet too soon for the love and devotion of his spiritual children. The enemies of the Church have long been calculating on his removal, and have been so often disappointed, that even they had almost ceased to calculate. His children all over the world had been so long consoled by his unparalleled vitality, that they had almost ceased to feel anxiety about his increasing age and failing health. To enemies and friends of the Church he seemed either an unconquerable obstacle or an indispensable bulwark, and yet we venture to say that, whoever may be his successor, and whatever the state of the world or of Europe with which he may have immediately to deal, the course of the Catholic Church on her heavenly work will continue as it has hitherto continued, after his removal as before it, and the changes which follow on his demise will be changes of persons and not of principles. The Church is no mushroom kingdom, no tyrannical dominion founded on conquest and kept up by violence and oppression.

We do not intend, in the present paper, to attempt any estimate of the life and character of the great and saintly Pontiff whom we have lost. Space and time would alike fail us, if we were either to chronicle the events of a Papacy, the long years of which are so crowded with great deeds and wonderful sufferings, nor would it be easy to write adequately of the mixture of firmness and gentleness, of simplicity and wisdom, of prudence and of the most venturesome faith, which characterizes the personal actions of the ninth Pius. By the time that these pages are in the hands of our readers, there will be outlines enough published of the chief events of the most remarkable Pontificate of modern times. The personal character of the Pope must be left to his biographer; and we are certain that the more intimately that character

comes to be known, the more saint-like and Christlike it will seem. To few even of the most famous Pontiffs can those Scriptural words be more truly applied: "The Lord hath sought Him a man according to His own heart, and Him hath the Lord commanded to be ruler over His people."* It has, indeed, often seemed to us that the character of the late Pope had many features in it which are found in that of the holy king of which these words were spoken. His simplicity, his readiness in giving his confidence,—alas, too often to have it betrayed,—his patience with his enemies, his wonderful faith in Providence, his heavenly-guided prudence, and his boldness in enterprises for the glory of God, are some among such features which will occur at once to any one who studies the two histories. The latter years of both were saddened by rebellion, in which those who ought to have loved them most were the causes of their sorrow. The heart of each was pierced, more sharply than by anything else, by the ingratitude and the hypocrisy of those whom he had benefited. But we must not linger on thoughts of this kind. Our present business is with one or two of the last acts of Pius the Ninth,—acts expressing entirely his uniform bearing towards some of the giant forms of evil against which he had to contend. The first of these acts, on which, as we are told, he was occupied very shortly before he died, was occasioned by an incident—an incident, like so many others of his reign, full of bitterness and sorrow to him, as well of shame to those who insulted as well as opposed him. We refer to the breaking off of diplomatic intercourse between the Holy See and the government of Russia—a government, which, almost in the heyday of its triumph in war, has thus closed its dealings with Pius the Ninth by an outrage to which his Secretary of State does not hesitate most justly to affix the epithet "brutal." The other act on which we shall shortly dwell is the protest which was made shortly before the late Pope's death, and by his order, against the usurpation of the Pontifical dominions by the Piedmontese government—a protest in which Pius the Ninth expressly declared once more that that usurpation made it impracticable for him to govern the Catholic Church as his duty required.

We should be going over ground which we have often traversed if we were now to speak at any length on the condition of the Polish and other Catholics in the dominions of the Czar. That condition when considered by the side of the engagements entered into by the Russian government, when it first became sovereign over a part of Poland, and on more than one subsequent occasion, furnishes the gravest of the many grave charges which may be brought against that government on the double ground of tyranny and perfidy. The two other governments which had a share in the iniquitous partition of Poland have not, at least, stained their good name in the same way and to the same extent as the government of Russia. The Catholic Poles under the dominion of Prussia share with all the Catholic subjects of that state the oppression and unprincipled persecution which is the result of the Falk Laws. The Poles under the dominion of Austria may naturally regret the extinction of their national existence, but they do not labor under any special hardships on the score of their religion. But in Russia the government is schismatic, and has made the schismatical religion of the country into an engine of the state. On several occasions it has goaded its Catholic subjects into rebellion—a rebellion unfortunately assisted if not originated by the secret plotters against

* 1 Kings, 13 : 14.

society in Europe, who are the enemies alike of throne and altar, and the suppression of the rebellion has always been followed by renewed religious persecution. The Roman Pontiffs have never failed to remind their suffering children in Poland of the duty of submission and obedience to the civil power, badly indeed as that power may have discharged its duties, but the return which has been made to them by the Russian government has been almost uniformly some fresh aggravation of the measures which that government has devised for seducing and forcing the Catholics into apostasy from their faith, or for making it impossible for them to have the full advantage of intercourse with and direction from the Holy See. Impossible as it may appear to change the policy of the Czar in this respect, as long, at least, as the present relations between Church and State exist in Russia, the Holy See has gone to the very extreme of concession and conciliation, in the hope of alleviating the miseries under which the Catholics in question are suffering. But we need not repeat a tale which must be familiar to our readers, and which fills one of the saddest pages in the history of modern Europe. The same fatal, and as we believe, suicidal policy has been followed by Czar after Czar, and Alexander the Second, whose reign will hereafter be memorable for the emancipation of the serfs, and, as it seems, the extinction of the Turkish power in Europe, has had no compassion for his Catholic subjects, no regard to the solemn obligations of his crown towards them, not even decent respect and courtesy for the Holy See, or the aged Pontiff whose name has been revered all over Europe.

It appears that in the course of the summer of last year, the late Holy Father, Pius the Ninth, having over and over again tried in vain to obtain from the Russian government the simplest justice to its Catholic subjects, and the plain observance of its own engagements, had determined to take the only step which remained to him, and to publish to the whole world in an Allocution the miseries of the Polish Catholics, and the iniquitous measures of their rulers. It was at the time when Rome was thronged with pilgrims from all parts of the world, who came to do homage to the Holy Father on the occasion of his Jubilee. It might seem as if it were a comparatively trifling matter to a government so strong as that of the Czar that an old man, practically imprisoned in the Vatican, unable to defend his own states from invasion, and his own throne from usurpation, should lift his voice before the assembled cardinals to denounce injustice and oppression at a distance, in a country so entirely prostrate before a military despotism as Poland. Nevertheless, the purpose of the Holy Father seems to have inspired the Czar and his advisers with fear. They were then just at the beginning of their war with Turkey, which had not as yet turned out so one-sided a conflict as it afterwards proved. They had won no battles and had captured no hostile armies. In the days in which we live, miserable as are the delusions and extravagancies of what goes by the name of public opinion in Europe, that opinion has yet the power to make despotisms tremble before it if they are disappointed in their ceaseless endeavors to corrupt it and to pervert it. With that extreme courtesy which characterizes all the proceedings of the Holy See with foreign governments, the "officious" representative of Russia at Rome, Prince Ouroussoff, was informed of the intention of the Holy Father to address the cardinals, and through them, the whole Catholic world, on the subject of the treatment of the Catholic subjects of the Czar. It was just at the time when a numerous deputation of Poles from

the parts of the country not subject to Russia was about to visit the Holy Father. Prince Ouroussoff immediately exerted himself to avert the coming blow. He entreated Cardinal Simeoni that the remonstrances of the Holy See might be addressed to the Russian government in the usual diplomatic manner, and that no appeal to Catholic opinion might be made. His Imperial master was entering on a war to which the attention of the whole of Europe was turned, and the publication of an Allocution on the subject of his treatment of his Catholic subjects might injure his cause by raising a strong feeling against him, and would even give the impression that the Holy See was taking a part, though only a moral part, on the side against him in the war.

It seems that these representations were allowed to have some weight with the Holy Father. The Holy See can never wish to seem to take a side in war, much less, we may suppose, in such a war as that which has lately been terminated. The Holy See will gladly deal with the government of any country that will listen to its complaints and candidly consider their force. Moreover, the request of Prince Ouroussoff certainly implied—if it were not a mere *ruse*—a kind of undertaking on the part of the Russian government to reconsider its former decisions as to the points at issue between the Holy See and itself. On these and other grounds the formal denunciation of Russian tyranny was adjourned, and the Holy Father ordered a memorial to be drawn up, in which the oft-recounted wrongs of the Catholic subjects of the Czar were to be briefly summed up and once more laid before Prince Gortschakoff.

It is not our present business to go through the various heads of complaint which are contained in this document. It is drawn up with all the clearness and all the moderation which characterize the statements of the Holy See in such matters, for the Holy See has nothing to conceal, no unavowed policy lurking behind its simple words, and, as it pleads for simple justice and good faith, it has little need to do more than to state the case plainly. Any one, however, who wishes to have the Catholic grievances summed up for him in a short compass, will find the document of which we speak very useful. The fifteen heads of complaint embrace almost the entire system of what may be called the State-Church method of persecution,—a method very different in its details from that with which our Catholic ancestors in England or Ireland were familiar, probably because in their case, in this country at least, there was no longer a visible body which the government could endeavor to assimilate to the national communion over which it bore so absolute a sway. We can have no kind of doubt that the measures by which the Russian government is endeavoring to stamp out the independence of its Catholic subjects, seem to it as natural and unexceptional as the rack, the scourge, the fire, and the wild beasts in the amphitheatre seemed to the Roman emperors who had to deal with the inexplicable obstinacy of the early Christians. First of all in the long catalogue of the Russian methods of oppression comes the prohibition, under the severest penalties, of all free intercourse between the Catholics, whether simple faithful or ecclesiastics, even of the highest grade, and the Holy See. Then follow the governmental interference with the seminaries, not only as to discipline, but even as to doctrine; the withdrawal of even religious instruction from the bishops; the reservation of ecclesiastical causes to a commission appointed by the government; similar interference with the management and arrangement of the dioceses; the prohibition of freedom in the exercise of their religion on the part of the Catholics, who are

forbidden to have processions outside the churches, while no priest may either preach or give spiritual exercises or catechize children, except in his own parish church, or leave his district, even to go to confession, except with written leave from the civil authority, or preach on any points of doctrine proscribed by the same authority, or hear the confession of an unknown person without a certificate that that person is a Catholic—a certificate which in some provinces can only be given by a lay magistrate—or baptize the children of a mixed marriage, even when the parents ask it, or give Holy Communion to any one who has but once communicated in a schismatic church. Then come a number of acts of personal and local oppression—three bishops and a number of ecclesiastics arbitrarily banished, episcopal sees left vacant, and four such sees suppressed; the diocese of Chelm, the population of which has in great part been forced by extreme violence and outrage, which has rung through the whole of Europe, to conform outwardly to the schism, formed into a district of the national Church; and lastly, measures of extreme and arbitrary oppression against the religious Orders, or the forcible introduction of the Russian language into the services, or the interference of the so-called "Roman Catholic College of St. Petersburg" in spiritual matters, its toleration by the Holy See having been made expressly conditional on its abstention from such interference.

Such is the condition, as represented by the Holy See, of the Polish Catholics under the dominion of the Czar. We have already said that it is more than possible that it may seem surprising enough to such a government as that of Russia that a Church should object to be interfered with in such matters, just as we know that it was a matter of intellectual perplexity to Pliny, when he was governor of Bithynia, that the Christians should be so obstinate as they were in holding to their religion in the face of the law and the chances of prosecution. But it is easy to see that the Russian government has not the excuse which might be made in the case of a Roman governor in the time of the Emperor Trajan. All these measures are distinct violations of pledges given by the Russian Czars themselves over and over again, and of the Concordat between their government and the Holy See. These measures, moreover, embody the principles of state persecution—principles which have been repudiated by the civilization of modern Europe, even although the new Bismarckian phase of that civilization seems to tend to their readoption. It is no excuse to say that the circumstances of the case are peculiar, on account of the repeated insurrections by means of which the Poles have endeavored to regain by force their national independence. We are far from justifying rebellions which were entered upon or carried on in defiance of the express teaching and declarations of the Holy See, and which were fomented, if not originated, by the secret societies which are the bane of Europe in our day. The religious rights of the Catholic subjects of Russia have been guaranteed to them by the solemn promises of the sovereigns, and if these promises had been observed, and if those rights had been maintained, there would have been no danger of insurrection. Poland would be a strength to Russia instead of a weakness. The truth is, that the policy which has been pursued by the Czars in this case is a policy of infatuation, and the infatuation has been produced by the spirit of schism, which is more violent in the Russian government than elsewhere, on account of the reduction of their national Church to the level of an instrument of government. The Czar is,

practically, the Pope of the Russian Church, and his political advisers urge him to make himself the Pope of all the Christians under his rule, in order that in their case also religion may be made an instrument of government.

Infatuation of this kind is certain, sooner or later, to receive its chastisement, and perhaps, before long, the Russian Czars may learn at the hands of their own people the lesson which so many other European monarchs have learned in the course of the last hundred years. The moment that political power passes in Russia, as it has passed in other countries, into the hands of the nation itself, that moment we may expect to see changes in that great empire, the limits of which it would be foolish to predict. It will be fortunate, indeed, for the present ruling family if they stop short at a moderate constitutionalism, which will destroy that subserviency of the Church to the State which is the foundation of the persecuting policy of the present government. But whether from within or without, the Nemesis will surely come, and the despots who may have dreamed of an Empire washed on the north by the Northern Ocean and on the south by the Ægean and Black Seas, may bitterly rue the long series of acts of cruelty and perfidy which make up the history of their treatment of their Catholic subjects.

The document of which we have been speaking, and which was drawn up at the order of Pius the Ninth that it might be transmitted by Prince Ouroussoff to the Imperial Chancellor, was sent to the former in the course of last summer. For a fortnight no acknowledgment whatever was made of the reception of the paper. After some time, however, Prince Ouroussoff himself brought it back to Cardinal Simeoni, saying that "his government was not accustomed to receiving criticism from any one, and that, in consequence, he did not feel authorized to transmit the document to Prince Gortschakoff." "In vain," writes the Cardinal, "did I call his attention to the act which he was about to commit, an act which no words can characterize, and which was without all precedent in diplomatic history, as also to the very lamentable consequences which it would entail, and which perhaps he had not sufficiently calculated. He remained inflexible, taking on himself the whole responsibility of his step, and added that if the Holy See desired war, war it should have. In reply to this declaration I could not forbear pointing out to him that the Holy See neither desired nor began war against any one, but that the moment such war had been raised and long carried on by the Imperial government, which had now added thereto provocations and menaces, the Supreme Pontiff, trusting in the help of the Lord, who would never fail him, would know how to defend himself in all due measures against all hostilities, whether against the integrity of the Church or the dignity of his rank and his sovereign authority." In fact, when the Pope was informed of the refusal of Prince Ouroussoff to transmit the document in question to the Chancellor, the former was informed by his order that all further relations between himself and the Roman Curia were useless.

There was still a way open to the Russian government of avoiding the great breach with the Holy See which the conduct of its representative at Rome had rendered so imminent. Prince Ouroussoff had taken upon himself the entire responsibility of his refusal to transmit the statement drawn up by order of the Holy Father. The document was forwarded to St. Petersburg by means of a friendly Catholic government. But the Cabinet of the Czar refused to read it, and appears to have declared that Prince Ouroussoff acted, not only in a manner

which was approved by his government, but according to directions actually received by him from it. It appears, therefore, that Prince Gortschakoff and his master had made up their minds that a statement on so important a subject from the Holy See was not even to be transmitted to them if their "officious" representative at Rome did not think it fit for transmission. After this, it cannot be a matter of surprise that Cardinal Simeoni should have declared that the Holy Father, who had always faithfully observed all the rules of diplomatic intercourse, was now no longer bound to refrain from other measures, and could no longer remain passive and silent in the presence of the wrongs inflicted on so large a number of his spiritual children. We believe that the circular in which the document in question was transmitted, along with statements relating to the conduct of Prince Ouroussoff, to the representatives of the Holy See in the various Continental capitals, was not sent out till the 10th of October last. Since that time, statements have appeared in some of the papers that Prince Ouroussoff had again presented himself to the Vatican, and, a little later, that the negotiation had been broken off a second time. It could hardly be other than an insult to the Pope to send him again the same envoy, unless that envoy had been instructed to make an ample apology for the insult which he had offered to the Holy See. It has also been stated that if Pius the Ninth had lived to hold another Consistory, he would have delivered an Allocution in which the grievances of the Catholics and the want of faith of their Russian masters, would have been vigorously set forth. However this may be, it is certain that the question cannot be left in its present position by the Holy See. Perhaps in the very moment of its triumph over the ancient foes of the Church, Russia will have to listen once more to some of the severest reproofs and protests which have ever issued from the lips of a successor of St. Peter.

It has not been the appointment of Providence that Pius the Ninth should survive to see the triumph of the Church which he has guided so long and so faithfully over the many obstacles which have beset her in the discharge of her heavenly mission in the days in which we live. The conflicts in which, in various degrees of active hostility, the late Pontiff has been engaged, both with the Russian government and with the revolution in Italy, were not his own personal quarrels, but the quarrels of right against wrong, justice against iniquity, truth against mendacity, the Church against the world, the Holy See against the gates of hell. Such conflicts may break out into greater intensity than before at this epoch or at that, during the lifetime of this or that Pontiff, in this or that condition of Europe, or of society; but these are but phases of the inevitable and endless struggle between the Church and the instruments of Satan in this world,—instruments who are often men of much personal respectability, of good though misdirected energies. It is not wonderful, therefore, that a great champion of the cause of right should be removed by the action of Providence before he has achieved the triumph which is due to his exertions, as Moses was removed from the leadership of the Israelites before the entrance into the promised land. But there is something significant, as well as something hopeful, in the fact that the last acts of the late glorious pontificate should have included an energetic protest against the infatuated policy of Russia, and against the specious but hollow fabric of Italian unity built up on the spoliation of the Church, and the violation of a score of sacred pledges.

Late events have brought Russia

into a very prominent position in the world, and, although she is very far from being able to disregard the wishes or the rights of other European powers in the settlement of the Eastern question, the mistaken policy which left her to do alone the work which all other civilized nations recognized as necessary, has also placed in her hands a very large share of power and responsibility with regard to the determination of details connected with that settlement. She is thought to have the cordial support of Germany—if Germany, under its present rulers, can cordially support anything or anybody but herself and her own interests. For our part, we do not grudge her her victory, if it is to be used for the benefit of the Christian populations of the East of Europe. Never, we feel sure, will the social and religious regeneration of those populations be achieved until they are freed from the blasting and desolating yoke of the Ottoman race. If they are once freed from that yoke, there seems to be nothing to forbid the most sanguine hopes as to the future of those glorious countries. We who have seen such good results in the way of the progress of Catholicism in our own country, dating from the epoch of the civil emancipation of Catholics, need not be afraid to look forward to a return of multitudes of Eastern schismatics to Catholic unity as the fruit of what will be truly their emancipation, in a far fuller sense of the word than that in which it can be applied to our own fellow-subjects. Let the peoples of the East wake up into true national life; let them have full liberty to develop the great resources which Providence has treasured up for them in the lands which they inherit, but which Mussulman domination has made little better than a desert; let art, literature, mental culture follow in the train of liberty, and we venture to hope that the deathlike sleep which has so long benumbed their Christian life will soon be shaken off, and the instincts which reach forward, in every truly Christian community, to the divinely appointed centre of unity will not long lie dormant among them. When, in the sixteenth century, the Church lost the north of Europe and so large a part of the Teutonic races, new worlds were opened to the zealous charity of her missioners, which were intended to teem with Christian churches flourishing enough to repair the losses of what had once been Christendom. In the present century the Church has lost much. If no fresh nations have fallen off from her, at least multitudes in every Christian nation have been led away by new forms of error, and her position as a visible and material power with which kings and states had to reckon has been greatly impaired. To some extent these losses have been again compensated by the revival of vigor, of active charity, of zealous enterprise of all sorts, which has marked her history since the outbreak of the French Revolution, but we may hope that still more than this is due to her sufferings, especially to her sufferings under the pontificate of Pius the Ninth, and we may perhaps have to hail as a further boon a great accession to the flock of the Vicar of our Lord from among the Eastern schismatics. Surely it is time that the East should shake off its state of torpor. It is time that the finest and most historical regions of the earth should no longer remain at the lowest level in point either of religion or of civilization, and that the lands and cities which we connect every day with the names of the ancient saints and doctors of the Church should be illuminated by spiritual and intellectual glories worthy of such an ancestry.

Certainly it does not seem that aspirations such as these can be shared in by the Russian conquerors

of the Turks, or that results such as those which are here contemplated are likely to be brought about with their co-operation. And yet, over and over again, in the history of the world and of the Church, the blows which have shattered powers which were her enemies have been dealt by hands which did not belong to her friends. Even in the present century, the two powers who were mainly instrumental in delivering the Church by the overthrow of the First Napoleon were, the one schismatic, the other Protestant—Russia and England. It would be nothing new, therefore, in the providential history of the world, if God were to use the armies of the Czar to break down the power of the Sultan, and then throw aside without further use the weapon which has served his purpose. It may, however, be the case that Providence has selected the Russian power for the destruction, partial or complete, of the empire of Islam, in order mercifully to give that power an opportunity of abandoning, as it could so well afford to do, or rather, as it could not do without immense political advantage to itself, the detestable policy which it has hitherto pursued towards its Polish subjects. That the abandonment of that policy will eventually come in the course of the development of political and intellectual life in the Russian empire is, we consider, as much a matter of course as was the abandonment of a very similar policy toward Ireland on the part of the English government half a century ago. English statesmen are now thoroughly ashamed of that policy, and we trust that, long before the lapse of the time which has passed since Catholic emancipation among ourselves, Russian statesmen will be as heartily ashamed of their treatment of Poland. The Irish policy, however, of the last centuries has left a permanent wound in the strength of England, and, if Russia is not wise in time, her treatment of Poland may lose her many resources of which, in future conflicts with other European powers, she may sorely feel the need. The voice of Pius the Ninth is now raised, almost from his grave, to warn the Czar and his advisers as to what is their truest wisdom. They are now entering, as it appears, on an epoch of power and influence which they have never yet enjoyed. Let them make peace with the Church, or at least, let them leave the Church alone. To do so will not make them one atom less powerful or less influential. On the contrary, it will deprive many of their enemies of the strongest motive for their hostility, it will turn a dangerous, because a discontented and oppressed province, into a loyal part of the empire, and, above all, it will bring down on them the blessing of heaven, which lets many grievous crimes, moral or political, remain unpunished in this world, but which is bound not to let the persecutors of the Church pass unscathed and unchastised even before the eyes of men. The voice which was to denounce the crimes of Russia has been silenced, for the moment, by death; but we may be sure that should Leo the Thirteenth find himself forced to speak, he will not lack the courage to utter the denunciation which He whose Vicar he is will not allow to be uttered in vain.

The accident, as it appears to human eyes, which made the death of Victor Emanuel and the accession of a new sovereign to the throne of the so-called kingdom of Italy precede the last illness of Pius the Ninth by a few weeks, furnished the reason why one of the last acts of the great Pontiff was to protest once more against the usurpation of his dominions by the Piedmontese government. Pius the Ninth has thus passed out of this life with a repetition on his lips of the declaration which he had so often made—not only as an ordinary sovereign might

protest, that his rights had been invaded and his States taken from him by violence, but that as the Vicar of our Lord and the supreme earthly governor of the Catholic Church, he found himself deprived of the necessary powers and means for discharging his high office by the violation of his temporal sovereignty. It can never be said of Pius the Ninth that he spoke on this subject without the fullest cognizance of all its elements. The very history of the years which have elapsed since the seizure of Rome by Victor Emanuel seems to us to enhance the importance of the testimony of the Pope—we speak, of course, of its importance in the ordinary sense of testimony, and quite apart from all considerations of the authority which all Catholics allow to be inherent in his pronouncements. Here is the Pope who did not fly from Rome, as many of his predecessors had done, and as many, perhaps, of his self-appointed advisers might have urged him to do. If he had left Rome, men might have said that he had never tried what it was to live as Pope under the so-called "guarantees" by which the usurping government endeavored to impose upon Europe. Not certainly out of reverence for his person, or out of fear of any physical force that might be brought to his aid, but out of an eagerness to show to the world that the existence of the Italian kingdom in Rome was compatible with the independence of the Holy See and with the free discharge by the Pope of all his functions as the ruler of the Catholic Church, the advisers of the usurping king, glutted with the booty of Naples, and Florence, and Modena, and other minor states, held their hands awhile and stopped short of the full accomplishment of their sacrilege by the plunder of the Vatican. Just in the same way, after the death of Pius the Ninth, at least up to the time at which we write, they have used every effort to convince Europe and the Church that the Conclave for the election of his successor can be held in Rome, in safety and liberty, though Rome is occupied by strangers, and that successor have no protection but that of the usurper. Pius the Ninth, on the brink of the grave, has spoken, as we have already said, not only to complain of the spoliation which he has suffered, but to declare that he has not the independence which his lofty station requires for the discharge of his duties.

And, indeed, we may venture to say, if he had not spoken, the facts themselves would have made the matter clear enough. It is not a year ago that the late Pope had occasion to draw up a statement of the many difficulties which had been thrown in his way by the suppression of the religious orders, the forced enlistment of the ecclesiastics, and the many entirely anti-Christian measures which had been passed as laws by the usurping government. It is quite clear that, although the personal liberty of the Pope has not been violated, his independence has been partly shackled, and, far more, made altogether precarious and uncertain from day to day, and month to month. Nothing can be more absurd than to suppose that because Pius the Ninth, surrounded by the reverence of all Europe, has not been interfered with in his secluded life at the Vatican, therefore any such forbearance could either have been insured to him in the future if he had lived, or can be secured to his successor. The master of Rome may be at one time Victor Emanuel, at another Garibaldi, at another the commander of a foreign army which has invaded Italy, at another the nominee of the provisional government of a momentary republic, sitting in the Capitol. The present rulers of Rome may find it good policy to let a Conclave deliberate in peace.

The rulers of Rome ten years hence may choose to prevent the assembly of any Conclave at all, or may endeavor to impose on the Cardinals a candidate of their own. The present state of non-interference, such as it is, may last ten years, or twenty years, but it will not any the more persuade Catholics that the independence of the Holy See is secure. For such security requires not only that by an accident no one should interfere with its liberty, but that the normal state of things should be such that no one can interfere with it.

This is the truth which, as we have said, almost with his dying breath, Pius the Ninth has once more proclaimed to the whole Christian world. The proclamation came with all the more force from his lips, just after he had shown his Apostolical zeal and charity in the pardon which he so willingly allowed to be accorded to the late penitence of Victor Emanuel. It was, of course, only natural, and in a certain sense inevitable, that when a new monarch ascended the usurped throne, the lawful owner of that throne should protest against the wrong. But at the present moment, when so many efforts are made to persuade Catholics into a belief that a compromise is possible between the Papacy and the new "kingdom," the fresh pronouncement of Pius the Ninth comes with peculiar opportuneness and with a force of its own. Thus, we venture to say, the last utterances of the late Pope have had a singular dignity and fitness. At the moment when Russia seems at last triumphant, and when the ill-conceived and incoherent policy even of the friends of Turkey seems day by day to create fresh occasions for making her ruin more complete and final, the voice of the successor of St. Peter is raised to warn the conqueror of the wrongs which he inflicts on his own subjects, while he is undertaking to deliver the barbarously treated subjects of his enemy, who has at least the excuse that he does not pretend to be anything but an enemy of the very name of Christian. And at the very time that the Christian states of Europe, many of them still professing to call themselves Catholic, have been sending their representatives to attend the funeral of Victor Emanuel and to congratulate his successor, the same unwearied voice is lifted to remind Europe of the wrongs of the Church, and to warn her that the iniquitous act of spoliation which she has recognized and condoned is fraught with the most serious dangers to her own peace and prosperity, because it has destroyed the centre of light and the home of truth, without whose beneficent influence she could never have emerged from that barbarism into which she will once again fall unless the evil which she has sanctioned be undone.

THE LEGEND OF ROSES.

"For als moche as a fayre Mayden was blamed with wrong and sclaundered, . . . for whiche cause sche was demed to the Dethe, and to be brent in that place to the whiche she was ladde. And as the Fuyer began to brenne about hire, sche made hire Preyeres to oure Lord, that als wisely as sche was not gylty of that Synne, that he wold helpe hire, and make it to be knowen to alle men, of his mercyfulle grace. And when sche hadde thus seyd, she entred into the Fuyer: and anon was the Fuyer quenched and oute; and the Brondes that weren brennynge, becomen rede Roseres, and the Brondes that weren not kyndled, becomen white Roseres fulle of Roses.

"And theise waren the first Roseres and Roses, bothe white and rede, that evere ony Man saughe."—*Travels of Sir John Maundeville, Kt.* (1322).

The space is cleared; around the murmuring crowd
Stand stricken with such awe, that few aloud
Dare speak the thought that springs in each man's breast,
So are his senses and his heart oppressed
With the stern conflict, that must ever be
When the lawgivers issue a decree,
'Fore which the voice of Nature in man's heart
With strong resistance rises to take part
Against injustice, sanctioned though it be
By time, use, law, and high authority.
For there, upon that slowly kindling pile,
Whose lurid vapor dulls the daylight's smile,
There shall be bound, amid the pitiless flame,
To die a death of torture and of shame,
A woman—still a child almost in years—
Whose passionate denials and whose tears
Can naught avail to save her, or to prove
Aught 'gainst the charge, that says a guilty love
Has stained her—marked her—as a thing to be
Doomed to slow death and endless infamy.
And now they lead her forth. Through all the throng
A tremor passes as she wends along,
Without a word, a tear, while in her eyes
A strong, deep, tranquil spirit calmly lies.
She knows the time to pray to man is gone;
She knows that hope from earthly aid is flown:
Life is behind, Eternity before;
And as she nears the dark, tremendous door,
Death holds the key to let her through, within
Her soul casts off all weakness, fear, and sin;
And these subdued, the tie that God has given
Binding the denizens of earth and heaven
In a communion man hath often riven,
But never God,—that tie, that vital spark,
Glows with transcendent radiance through the dark,
And light and glory shine where once was gloom,
Honor and life where a disgraceful tomb
But lately yawned.
Before the pile she stands;
To heaven she lifts her soul, her eyes, her hands:

"Hear me, Creator, for to Thee is known
My every act, my every thought. Thine own
Divinest teaching, from my earliest youth,
Hath kept my footsteps in the path of truth.
Hear me, my Saviour, Thou, the Man of Woes,
Whose life from its beginning to its close
Was one long course of suffering; for that men,
Having conceived an error, turned their ken
With desperate revolution from the truth,
Till savage grown, and destitute of ruth,
They craved Thy blood, Thou Holy One, Thou Just,
Trampling Thine honor in the common dust.
Hear me; Thou know'st that from this most foul,
Most loathed charge revolts my inmost soul;
Hear me, my Saviour; hear me, ere I die!
Not life I crave, but that from infamy
My innocent name be rescued;—send a sign
To show this people I am truly Thine,—
Thine unpolluted!"
Then her head she bowed,
And, while a shudder thrilled the gasping crowd,
Advanced, and 'mid the flames sublimely silent stood.
The flames? the flames?—behold, what meets the gaze!—
Down like a stricken creature drops the blaze;
The scattered brands divide to left and right,
And the first Roses greet the people's sight,—
Red from the kindled brands, from the unkindled, white!

A QUESTION OF HONOR.

I.

"I muse on joys which will not cease,
Pure spaces clothed in living beams,
Pure lilies of eternal peace,
Where odors haunt my dreams."

HALF-UNCONSCIOUSLY, Carl Chester repeated the lines, as he stood on the porch and looked dreamily out on the garden. The fragrance of the white summer lilies refreshed him sweetly, and the soft music, floating out through the open windows of the drawing-room, blended with his musings, but disturbed them not. He had been detained in the city till a late hour, and now returning wearied, lingered without, feeling in no mood to join the gay guests that filled the house.

He stood leaning against a pillar, with the light falling full upon him. There was something strangely interesting and impressive in his appearance. Yet the pictured face of the Gabriel that hangs above my desk is not more pure and passionless than was the face of Carl Chester. Softly colored, delicately featured, it had yet no touch of effeminacy. He was full and well-built: rather slight, perhaps; but strong and supple as an athlete of the olden time.

A brilliant career was opening out before him. He was scarcely twenty-five, yet already favorably known in high literary circles. His attractions of person and manner made

him a social favorite, though he coveted not the distinction. He loved his profession too well to care much for any pleasure other than what its exercise afforded him. Besides, he was poor. He had to live by his literary labors. He looked not for ease until his fame and fortune should be an accomplished fact.

He had no near kindred. His parents had died during his early childhood, leaving him to the guardianship of Gerald Carrington, a distant relative. In the Carrington household he still resided. It consisted of father, mother, and daughter, the last-mentioned, a girl of eighteen years. The Carringtons lived in a pretty cottage in the suburbs of the city. They were not rich, and until their daughter had grown up, lived in comparative seclusion. But now, their once quiet home was the abode of gayety, for Flora was never happy save when entertaining or being entertained.

"A beautiful spoiled child, who will never be a woman," was Carl Chester's opinion of her, and he had known her from her babyhood. She was accomplished in those exterior graces which carry one easily and pleasantly through society; mind and heart, however, were but imperfectly cultivated. Her parents, it would seem, lived but to minister to her comfort. Had she possessed strength of intellect or natural nobleness of disposition, the tenderness that encompassed her might have proved less harmful; but as it was, her character, which needed in a special manner the sharp discipline of sorrow and sacrifice, was fast becoming hopelessly warped.

Carl liked her after a fashion. Her vivacious gossip was ofttimes a pleasant distraction after the grave toils of the day; and if sometimes it bored him, he had the grace not to manifest his weariness. So the intercourse between them continued easy and informal, and it seemed to Carl Chester so much a matter of course, that he never questioned whither it might be leading.

He had not thus far thought of loving. His was a lofty ideal; he doubted that he should ever meet its embodiment on earth. For no woman did he entertain a warmer feeling than that of tranquil friendship. But Flora was the type of a class to whom, if he gave a serious thought, it would be one of half contemptuous pity.

Sometimes, indeed, he mused fondly on the blessedness of those who forswear all earth love. Such musings enthralled his heart to-night; and therefore he shrank from the mirthful crowd within the house, fearing lest they might dissipate his dream of lilies.

He was a practical Catholic. The Carringtons were all Protestants; but Gerald Carrington had honorably fulfilled the trust confided to him, and had never tampered with his ward's faith.

Carl Chester held the faith dearer than his life. Should he win place and power, how loyally, he often said within himself, would he serve the Church therewith. Did it ever occur to him that even now he could render to her a man's noblest service? Ah, there was a mystic summons sounding in his ears to-night; and hearkening, he strove to understand its import.

II.

"Yes; she loves him, and she's breaking her heart about him, poor child; but what does he care? O, the base ingratitude! After you had clothed him, fed him, schooled him, and to spare his pride, let it seem that it was with his father's money you were doing it all!"

"Hush, wife! he shall never know to the contrary if I can help it. His father was my friend. I am sorry if our child has set her heart on Carl. His way with her has never been lover-like."

"Much you know about it! Oh, I wish he had never crossed our threshold!"

The voices were low, but every word came distinctly to Carl Chester as he was crossing the porch to get out of hearing, and before he clearly realized that he himself was the subject of conversation. He walked down to the end of the garden, and threw himself upon a rustic seat, too bewildered at first to think. The night air felt hot and oppressive; the lilies at his feet looked wan and withering.

By degrees his thoughts grew clear—painfully clear. He had then for many years been a dependent on Gerald Carrington's bounty. He had won Flora's love without seeking it, and she was pining for his sake. He remembered that for some time past she had been unusually quiet, even sad; and he was the cause. Ah, well, there was one reparation in his power. Whatever it might cost him, he should make it without delay. "Honor demands the sacrifice, and I shall not refuse it. But, oh, if I had known! if I had known!" And thus his deliberation ended. To him there seemed no other course than the one he so quickly resolved on. What matter though the happiness of his life should be blasted! He had eaten the bread of dependence—ah, bitter thought! He had, albeit unconsciously, won the heart of his benefactor's child. Now he knew the expectations that had been entertained in his regard, and he would not disappoint them.

When all the guests were gone he entered the house. Flora was alone in the brilliantly lighted drawing-room. She looked listless and very sorrowful. She did not seem to notice his approach, but, when he sat down beside her, she looked up with burning cheeks and tearful eyes.

"What is it, Flora?" he asked, gravely.

"Why did you not come home earlier?" she sobbed. "Did you forget this was my birthday, Carl?"

"No; I did not forget the day," he answered, still in those grave, quiet tones that she did not like to hear from him; "but an important engagement kept me in town until within half an hour of the departure of your guests. Did my absence matter so much to you?"

"O, Carl, how can you ask me?"

He arose and walked up and down the room twice or thrice; then, standing before, and looking into the lovely, childlike face:

"Flora, will you be my wife?"

There was no passion in the voice that addressed her; no love in the great, calm eyes that met her gaze. She thought not of the lack. He had spoken the words she had longed for, and she gave a glad assent.

* * * *

"What a strange creature Carl is! He almost frightened me, he looked so pale and solemn! He wasn't a bit like what Minnie Palmer told me of how she became engaged. Well, ma says these writing people are all a little queer. I don't care, I'm very well satisfied. I know he'll be good to me, and he's so handsome and so much talked about. I've made a great catch, and just when I'd given up all hope of it, too. Oh, I wish it was morning, so I could run over and tell Minnie. Won't she be astonished, though! I wonder what kind of a ring I'm going to have? I hope it will be a diamond!"

Such were Flora's thoughts before sleep came to her, bright with dreams of the sensation she would create in the world as Carl Chester's wife.

Far different were Carl's. But now a measure of mental tranquillity was restored to him. The deed was done, and honor was satisfied. He knew that Flora would agree willingly to all the conditions which the Church imposes on the marriage of Catholic and Protestant. She was still very young; time might work great and

desirable changes in her; and by and by—but Carl turned wearily from the thoughts of the future. He took up an article which he had begun brilliantly the day before, and tried to concentrate his mind upon it, but in vain. The pen slipped from his listless fingers, and he dozed fitfully until the light of sunrise woke him to the care and labor of another day.

III.

YEARS have gone by. A handsome residence on Park Avenue is pointed out to strangers as the home of Carl Chester. He has more than fulfilled his early promise, and his name is widely known and honored. He is hard at work in his library this lovely summer morning. The apartment is furnished with simplicity almost severe, in striking contrast to the rest of the house. A child's chair is near the desk; a child's portrait stands on an easel so placed that the writer sees it whenever he raises his eyes from his work. It is a beautiful face, wondrously like Carl Chester's as it looked when we saw him first, and as he gazes on it love unutterable irradiates his countenance. Presently the door is opened a little way; he looks toward it with a reassuring smile; and immediately a little girl bounds in, and climbing on his knees, clasps her slender white arms about his neck, and lays her soft cheek caressingly against his. We know her at a glance as the original of the portrait on the easel; and we know by the still passionate embrace with which Carl Chester folds her to his breast that his heart is bound up in this little daughter, his only child.

"Is your mamma up yet, Ethel?" he inquires.

But Ethel's tiny fingers are busy with her papa's hair, and she heeds not the question.

"Oh, papa dear, so many white hairs! I don't like them; they're not a bit pretty; let me pull them out."

He smiles half sadly. (Which of us cares to be reminded that we are wearing old before our prime?)

"Never mind them, darling; but tell me, is your mamma still sleeping?"

"I guess so, Martha told me to be very quiet so as not to 'sturb her, 'cause it was so late when she got home from the party last night. But Martha needn't be afraid. I never 'sturb mamma. She doesn't love me in the mornings; but my papa loves me always;" and she nestles closer to him with a sigh of intense satisfaction. Then, after a long and reflective pause:

"Papa, dear, must every lady go to parties 'most every night? Must I when I am a lady?"

"God forbid, my darling!" he half whispers.

The lovely violet eyes dilate:

"Then God wouldn't love me to go to so many parties. Oh, I will not go to any; 'cause I love the good God most more even than I love my papa."

"What will my baby do, then, when she grows up?"

"Oh, I'll stay with my papa, always, and—write like papa," she adds, looking up archly into his earnest face.

"Ah, clever baby! to guess papa's wish so soon: but I must go to the office, now, darling. By-by, and pray for papa."

She is out on the doorstep with him by this time; and stands gazing wistfully down the street long after he has passed out of sight.

* * * * *

The fame which the years have brought to Carl Chester is slight balm for the sorrow of his domestic life. Flora the wife is far less lovable than Flora the maiden. Time has not accomplished the transformation which the young husband once thought possible. Alas! what can time *alone* do for any of us?

Motherhood brought not that self-forgetting love which is its peculiar glory. Flora Chester loves her child because it is hers, because it is beautiful; and she hopes, when the troublesome time of training and education is over, to have the éclat of introducing a charming daughter into the world of fashion in which she herself is now a queen regnant. But never since the first few months of her child's existence has she lost an hour's rest or amusement for its sake. Were it not for the father's watchfulness, little Ethel would be left entirely to the servants. But Carl Chester consecrates to his child all the time that most men yield to pleasure. He calls her his compensation, on her he builds all his hopes of earthly happiness. He it was who first clasped her baby hands in prayer. And now he watches with trembling hope every indication of natural disposition, crushing out instantly aught that threatens to mar in the least the beauty of the blossom which the Lord has lent him. Ethel is a wonderfully precocious child. She seems not so to her father. Since he is her only familiar companion, he marvels not that books are her only playthings, and a thirst for knowledge and a love for the beautiful her dominant characteristics.

The world admires Carl Chester because he is what it calls a successful man, and the world reveres success; but it loves him not, because he is not of it. His has been from earliest manhood a life of labor. His earnings are large, but so are the demands upon them. Flora has been used all her life to gratify her every caprice, unmindful of consequences; and her husband knows by experience that it is vain to speak to her of the desirability of occasional self-denial. He cannot look to her for sympathy in his work. She openly confesses to having no patience with what she terms his "heroics."

So during the long day while she rests after her gayeties, and during the night hours which she spends almost invariably in ball-room or theatre, the husband toils at his desk that he may avert from his name the dishonor of unpaid debt.

Now the task is growing heavier; he feels his strength failing, and his mind often refuses to work with its wonted vigor. Physicians warn and prescribe rest. "Yes, I need rest," he admits to himself to-day, "but not just yet. I must go on a little longer, till August, anyway, and then I'll take a week among the mountains. This is nothing serious; it will soon pass." But he wonders at his breathlessness and heart flutter as he ascends to the editorial rooms. It is as a journalist that he has attained distinction. "What has become of Carl Chester the poet?" is a query often heard among his literary friends. From his marriage his poetic powers seemed to have deserted him. One of the charms of his earlier writings was their intensely subjective character. Perhaps it is honor that forbids him to give voice in song to the anguish of a life which has forfeited for honor's sake what would have been its highest bliss on earth, its brightest guerdon of a special glory in the life hereafter. Perhaps he fears that the world might learn from his song the secret of his sorrow. So his harp is silent, and he, too, can say in all sincerity:

"No world's laugh or world's taunt, no pity of friends
Or sneers of foes, with this my torment blends."

He is a magnate in that place to which he has risen. Yet he caters not to depraved tastes, his voice is ever raised in behalf of the unpopular right, struggling talent finds in him a generous patron, the weak or the oppressed a brave defender, and his influence is above price.

Society sees him but seldom. He is only a man—heart-sore, disappointed—with all a man's infirmities,

but he knows his own heart, and he dared not trust himself in the way of that dangerous sympathy which the world offers to men who have not happy homes.

* * * * *

He returns to his home this evening wearied and sick in body, unusually depressed in mind. Ethel is waiting for him at the gate. One glance at his pale worn face stills her childish prattle, and softly stroking his burning hand, she goes with him into the house. Dinner is waiting, but Flora is not visible. At length she appears in elaborate toilette.

"Are you going out this evening, Flora?" asks her husband.

"Certainly. Have you forgotten the dinner at Mrs. Montgomery's? I knew I could not rely on having your escort, so I asked the Wards to call for me. But what is the matter, Carl? You look uncanny, do you know? I guess you are working too hard," she continues, laughing lightly.

Carl answers not. Strange feelings are overmastering him—weakness, loneliness, longing for companionship, even hers, which he has almost loathed till now. Once he could have crushed them down with contempt. Not so to-night. Weird presentiments rise up around him. When at last he speaks, his voice is husky and indistinct.

"Flora, I wish you would stay home, to-night. I ask it as a favor."

She looks at him with wondering eyes. "Impossible, my dear! I've set my heart on going. Why, there's the bell. It's the Wards, of course, so I must be off. We are already a little late. Good night, you most unreasonable man!"

She pauses at the dining-room door a moment, and looks back. Then she returns impulsively to her husband's side, and stooping, kisses his cheek.

"How your face burns, Carl!" she exclaims. "Do go to bed early and get a good rest. I won't be home for ever so long. Don't get sick, I beg of you. You know I'm not a success as a nurse. *Au revoir, mon ami!* Good-night, birdie," to Ethel, but the child turns sharply from her mother's caress.

By-and-by, the little one draws near her father. "Oh, papa, please eat some dinner."

He shakes his head. "Not now, darling. When baby eats her strawberries, we'll go over to the library for awhile."

But Ethel's eyes are full of tears.

"Papa, I cannot eat, everything tastes bitter, and I'm so afraid. Oh, my darling papa, what should I do without you!" And hiding her face against his bosom, the poor child weeps bitter burning tears.

* * * * *

Flora Chester is without doubt the belle of the brilliant assemblage that graces Mrs. Montgomery's parlors. Her heart beats high with feverish gladness. Ah! this is a triumph worth living for. Strange that Carl can never view those things as she does, she thinks, as she stands apart for a moment, gazing out on the moonlit lawn. Why does she shudder and pale as if a spectre had risen up before her? She hurries to the dressing-room, dispatches a servant for a carriage, and with her heart full of a nameless dread, is soon on the threshold of her home. She rings violently, but there is no response. The servants are all out, as is their wont of evenings in this charmingly regulated household. At last, she remembers the veranda on which the library windows open. Perhaps one of them is unlocked. Ah, yes, and there is a light,and the sound of a child's weeping breaks upon her ear.

Ah, God! What a cruel sight! Stretched upon the couch lies Carl Chester, dead,the hand-bell clutched in his nerveless fingers. Ethel, whiter than her snowy night-dress, stands beside him, wailing:

"Papa, papa, wake up, wake up!

Oh, speak to me, papa; speak to your own baby!"

The wife flings herself down beside her dead, there in the glory of her silken robes, with jewels flashing from arms and bosom, mocking with their cold lustre the eyes from which the light of life has fled.

"My God! my God!" she shrieks, "he is not dead, he cannot be dead! Oh, Ethel, my child, what is this?"

But the poor frightened little creature can only tell that she fell asleep in her father's arms; that by and by she wakened in her crib, heard the bell in the library, and running down found her father speechless.

"Oh, mamma, he tried to speak, but he couldn't, and his face got white and sharp, and he looked up at the picture of the Blessed Mother, and then his eyes didn't move any more; and now he is so cold, and I've been trying so long to wake him."

* * * * *

The sudden death of the distinguished young journalist made a profound sensation. Heart disease, aggravated by overwork, was the verdict of the physicians, and every one wondered and conjectured in the wonted way, until a new excitement came.

There was much sympathy for the bereaved ones, and for a few days the papers teemed with obituary notices, resolutions of respect, etc. But the voice of the Church went up in strong supplication for the soul of her child so suddenly called to his judgment.

And while men were yet busy with the sadness and the strangeness of it all, the young widow knelt in anguish by the deathbed of her child. But the little one, struggling in the delirium of pain, turned its face from her, reached out its baby arms as to a welcome vision, and closed its eyes on earth, murmuring with its last fluttering breath: "Papa, papa, come and take me to God."

A VISIT TO CARMEL AND BEYROUT.

NOTES FROM AN OLD JOURNAL.

Beautiful Carmel! No one who has spent three or four months in traversing the rugged and arid tracks which characterize Syrian travel can fail to be struck with the wonderful fertility and beauty of the parklike ground to which you ascend after leaving the marshy swamps of the Kishon, on the road from Nazareth to "Mohrakah," the undoubted site of the sacrifice of Elias. The so-called "Forest" of Carmel scarcely deserves its name in the English sense, but is more like a glade in our forest scenery, reminding one also of the Tyrol; with dwarf oak, bay, carouba, arbutus, and a multitude of flowering and aromatic shrubs; the sweet-scented olive, with its pale-yellow clusters; the mastic, with its pendent white bell-shaped blossoms, and the delicate purple acacia; while cistus, white and lilac, in full flower, color the ground for miles. All the similes of the book of Canticles find their natural explanation here: "My head is like Carmel;" "How beautiful art thou, and how comely!"

Scrambling through this thicket of shrubs, our travellers arrived at last at a magnificent amphitheatre, in the centre of which was a fountain, and by its side a beautiful

Turkey oak, under the shade of which they agreed to rest during the burning heat of noonday. The hewn stones at their feet marked the site of the altar which Elias rebuilt; from this very fountain must the water have been drawn which filled the trench before the sacrifice was offered—that sacrifice which, in its accomplishment, was to vindicate the majesty of God in the sight of his chosen people. Here again, after the atonement had been made by the death of the idolatrous priests by the river Kishon, the welcome rain was obtained in answer to the prophet's prayer. The view on all sides is grand in the extreme, embracing the whole of Central Palestine, with the Plain of Esdraelon, and Tabor, and the "Cities of the Plain," Nain and Schunem, Megiddo and Jezreel. From the place of sacrifice the path leads through the native village of Espya to a high ridge covered with flowers and aromatic shrubs; and thence a ride of seven or eight hours through lovely scenery brings you to the Convent of Mount Carmel, built on a promontory overlooking the sea, with the little town of Caiffa nestling at its feet. Our travellers, although with a Carmelite friar for their guide, missed the right track, and found themselves, at ten o'clock at night, in a deep ravine, from whence apparently there was no exit except by the road through which they had come. But a Bedouin shepherd took pity on their exhausted condition, and showed them a path which led them at last to the convent gates, after more than twelve hours in the saddle. There the usual hospitable welcome awaited them, though no longer from their much-loved Franciscan Fathers. Carmel is the headquarters of the Discalced Carmelites, who received the rules of their Order from Albert, the holy Patriarch of Jerusalem, in the year 1205. The convent is a very spacious building, with a fine domed chapel; and the whole was built from alms collected by a single monk, who visited Europe for that purpose.

Early the following morning, the solemn mass for the "Commemoration of the Blessed Virgin on Mount Carmel" was said for the pilgrims in the beautiful church built over the cavern which tradition points out as the residence of the prophet Elias. A subterranean chapel occupies this spot, above which a double flight of steps leads up to the high altar. After mass one of the Carmelite Fathers volunteered to conduct their guests to the "School of the Prophets," which is a cave below the convent garden, overlooking the sea, and to which the descent is steep and difficult. Following the zigzag path to the left is the chapel of St. Simon Stock, an Englishman, who, in the thirteenth century, spent six years on Mount Carmel, leading an austere life of penance and of prayer. His eminent piety caused him to be elected general of his Order; soon after which he instituted the Confraternity of the Scapular of the Blessed Virgin, a devotion as to which he was instructed in a vision by the Mother of God herself. His chapel was beautifully restored by an English lady, whose little girl had a singular devotion to the spot. The intense heat prevented our travellers from continuing their explorations towards the wine-presses, which still remain on the slopes of Carmel, sole vestiges of its ancient fertility, for no vineyards now clothe those arid hills. Sadly and literally is the prophecy fulfilled: "He shall not tread out wine in the press that was wont to tread it out. Gladness and joy shall be taken away from Carmel, and there shall be no rejoicing or shouting in the vineyards."

Returning to the convent, they ascended to the roof of the dome, from whence a magnificent view was obtained on all sides, and then re-entering the church, where a beautiful image of the Mother of God was

exposed, one of the party kneeling at the high altar received the scapular from the hands of the venerable Superior. "Ecce signum salutis; salus in periculis, fœdus pacis et pacti sempiterni!" With the words of the exhortation still sounding in her ears and the prayer in her heart, "Constantiam bene perseverandi," the English traveller bid adieu, with the rest of her party, to their kind entertainers, and descended the steep hill leading to Caiffa. It is a dirty straggling little town, with nothing to recommend it except the Convent of the Dames de Nazareth, and the hospitable house of the English consul, himself a man of great ability and talent, though for the moment buried in this quiet spot. From Caiffa our travellers galloped along the beautiful smooth sands towards Acre. The seashore is covered with shells, especially the murex, a beautiful violet-tinted donax, and above all the lovely purple haliotis, the "ianthina fragilis," supposed to have been used for the ancient Tyrian dye, which some of the party could not resist dismounting to pick up. Presently they came to "that ancient river, the river Kishon," which, swollen by a flood, compelled them to cross it in boats, while their horses swam alongside. A ride of two hours more, and the fording of the "Belus," now a shallow stream, brought them to the gates of Acre.

Here, again, they found their old Franciscan friends, and leaving their horses at the convent gates, they started to inspect the fortifications, under the guidance of one of the Fathers, and afterwards visited the church and palace of the Knights of St. John, sole remains of the good old times of the Crusaders, now in the hands of the Greek Catholics. The once magnificent cathedral is in ruins, but a portion of it has been restored, and is used by the Franciscans as their church. Our travellers lingered so long in this interesting spot that the sun had set before they thought of remounting, and the guards at the gate demurred at letting them out of the city. But a "bakshish" from the dragoman opened the way, and the party galloped rapidly on, past a beautiful villa, with groups of palm-trees, interspersed with orange, lemon, and pomegranate gardens, towards their tenting-ground, which they reached by moonlight at ten o'clock. The muleteers had, however, disobeyed their orders in order to save themselves trouble, a common trick in the East, and had pitched the tents in a swampy ground, which seemed to breathe nothing but malaria and fever. But it was too late to change, so, hastily dining, our travellers threw themselves on their little campbeds, resolving to start by peep of day the following morning, and thus, if possible, to avoid the evil consequences of the obstinacy of their Arab attendants. Daybreak accordingly found them in the saddle, and passing very sorrowfully the boundary between Palestine and Syria, they commenced the steep and perilous ascent over the magnificent cliffs which bear the name of the "Ladder of Tyre." No parapet protects the path on the shelving rock; and on several occasions the mules, with their loads, seemed on the point of slipping three hundred feet down into the sea. The cliffs were covered with wild pinks, red and white, and with a beautiful bright lavender-colored immortelle, of which the Bedouins gathered great bunches to decorate their horses. The travellers rested for luncheon amid the ruins of an old Phœnician city, called in the Syrian tongue "Iskanderyeh." It had the remains of a fine aqueduct and of a tessellated pavement still in perfect preservation. From this halting-place a gallop along a belt of smooth sand brought them to the base of a fresh cliff, called the Ras el Abiad, or "White Head;" a still more dangerous and precipitous ascent than the last, but from whence

the most beautiful panoramic view was obtained of Tyre and Sidon and the curved line of the sandy shores, on which rippled the blue sea; while inland, above the fertile plain, rose the magnificent range of violet-colored mountains, snowy Hermon towering, as usual, above the whole. Descending the "White Head," and passing by a beautiful ruined aqueduct covered with maidenhair fern and other creepers, a couple of hours' ride brought them into the dirty and straggling streets of Tyre. The Jesuits have established a large school in the town, which has offshoots in the surrounding villages; and one of the Fathers kindly volunteered to be the cicerone of the travellers to the cathedral, once the finest church in Syria, said to have been built by the Empress Helena. It is in the Byzantine style, but only the western wall and a few buttresses remain to show its size and ancient grandeur. Eusebius wrote the consecration sermon for the opening of this church. Paulinus and William of Tyre sat in its episcopal chair. Here Origen was buried, and the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa. But its glories are indeed departed. Filthy Moslem huts are crowded into its ruined aisles; broken columns and fragments of porphyry and granite are strewed on all sides. This cathedral is but a type of everything in this once magnificent seaport. All the ancient prophecies of her desolation are literally fulfilled: "What city is like Tyre, which is become silent in the midst of the sea?" "They shall lay thy stones and thy timber in the midst of the water." "The waters have covered her. She is a place for fishermen to spread their nets."

Our party pitched their tents outside the town on the bright sandy shore, close to the fountain called Hiram's Well; and the kind Father —— sat drinking coffee with them at the open tent-door, talking of his mission and its success, when suddenly a wonderful storm burst on the beautiful mountains which stretched beyond the desolate Phœnician plain before them, lighting up snowy Hermon with the most vivid and lurid brightness, and throwing purple and pink and violet tints on the mounds and villages in the middle distance, the brilliancy of which one of the travellers in vain endeavored to render on her drawing-paper. The storm subsiding, they made an expedition to Hiram's tomb, a great sarcophagus erected on a pedestal of square stone about four or five miles from the city, with a deep well on one side and the ruins of a once inclosed garden on the other, full of wild orange and pomegranate trees in full blossom.

The following morning by four o'clock, the party left the beautiful but desolate city, and crossing the Leontes struck upwards from the seashore to the old town of Sarepta, the scene of the miracle of the widow's cruse. Not a house remains on the original site, for the modern village has migrated up the hill. Only a few square stones are left, and the ruins of an early Christian chapel erected where our Divine Lord is said to have rested when travelling through the coasts of Tyre and Sidon. Here the storm, which had long been gathering in the mountains, burst with full force upon our travellers; but shelter being out of the question, they were compelled to brave it; and after fording one or two small rivers, fringed with pink oleanders in full flower, arrived within sight of the beautiful orange and citron groves which surround Saida, the ancient Sidon. It is situated, like Tyre, on a projecting isthmus, with a ledge of rocks and broken columns running out into the sea, but is a great contrast in the wonderful fertility and culture of its environs. Our dripping travellers were most courte-

ously received by the French consul, who gave up the rooms of his wife and daughter to the ladies; while the gentlemen were equally hospitably lodged at the Franciscan convent, which forms the opposite side of the square courtyard. This shelter was the more welcome, as the baggage mules having floundered in the Nahr-ez-Zaherany, or "Flowery River," with the tents and luggage, their beds and everything else were soaked through and through.

Here they first came upon the traces of that horrible massacre which seventeen or eighteen years ago filled the hearts of all Europe with horror. Upwards of eighteen hundred Christians perished in Saida in the month of June, 1860, in that outburst of Mohammedan and Druse fury, among whom were above one hundred and twenty priests and religious of various orders, both men and women. The cruelties and insults wreaked on the victims rival the scenes of the Indian mutiny; and again, there was the same misplaced confidence in the native honor. The venerable Jesuit Fathers, P. Rousseau and P. Pounière, at the risk of their lives, determined to bury the bodies of the victims assassinated outside the gates, especially that of the Vicar-General; of the Bishop, Monsignor Boutros, whose body, cut in half a dozen pieces, and part of it already devoured by dogs, was discovered with those of twelve other priests and several laymen within ten minutes' walk of the town. The horrible stench and the dreadful state of the mutilation of the bodies rendered this heroic service one of real martyrdom.*

The Sisters of St. Joseph have a large school and orphanage adjoining the Franciscan convent, "but they hold their lives in their hands," as all must do who labor in this land, and who have learned by bitter experience the treachery and fanaticism by which they are surrounded, and which it requires but a spark to kindle anew. After early mass the following morning in the chapel of the convent, the French consul took his guests to visit the port, which was originally a very spacious one, and is still strewed with fragments of porphyry columns and hewn granite stones, which must have formed portions of the quays. A fine ruined tower and a bridge of several arches connects the northern end of the city with the port. On these rocks must St. Paul have landed; and here, too, may our Blessed Lord have trod, for the only way from Sidon to Tyre is along this shore.

The day was fine and bright when our travellers, taking leave of their kind hosts, and purchasing from the clamorous venders some of the beautiful gold coins of Philip of Macedon and of Alexander, recently discovered in one of the gardens of the consulate, rode through the lovely Saida orange and acacia groves, loaded with fruit and flowers, on the path leading to Beyrout. The first river was crossed without difficulty, and a turn in the road brought them to a village where a Mohammedan wely or chapel is erected to mark the spot where the prophet Jonah is said to have been cast on the shore out of the belly of the whale. Sycamore, fig, date, palm, mulberry, and olive trees gave a pleasant shade for the noonday halt. But another river had to be forded, the Davour, about which the guides had been whispering in evident anxiety, owing to the recent heavy rains. At Saida a report was current that some travellers had been drowned in it the day before; and on arriving at its swollen and flooded banks the traveller thought with dismay of the evident risk to which her children would be

* The Père R. P. Rousseau and the Sister Rosa, Superior of the Sisters of St. Joseph, subsequently sunk from typhus caught in tending the wounds of the survivors among the Christians.

exposed. There was, however, no going back, and no boat could be obtained, as at the Kishon; so, plunging boldly in, with the strongest and most expert swimmers among the escort, leading the horses of the younger ones, the river was entered and safely crossed. Lighting a fire on the seashore to dry their dripping habits, the party watched with anxiety the passage of their baggage. But it was accomplished in safety with one exception; a mule loaded with saddle-bags was carried away by the violence of the current and drowned, while the contents of his pack, though recovered, were irretrievably ruined. Thankful, however, for no worse mischance, our travellers remounted and trotted on towards Beyrout, the approach to which is perfectly beautiful, through a succession of stone pine woods, with the glorious Lebanon mountains on the right, the lower spurs of which were covered with villas, and gardens, and woods, a picturesque convent crowning each tiny eminence, and the whole combining everything that is most lovely in nature and in art. It reminds one of the view of Fiesole from San Miniato, only that of Beyrout is far more rich and beautiful. The French, during their two years' occupation, constructed a fine carriage-road from Beyrout to Damascus—the *only* one in Syria—and two carriages, which look as if they had come out of the ark, have been imported in consequence. One of these nondescript vehicles met our travellers near the entrance of the town, and here a ludicrous accident was the result. The horses had never before seen a carriage of any description. Such a thing is unknown in Palestine. The consequence was that no persuasion could induce their steeds to pass or go near this terrible machine; and one of the party, determined to conquer what he considered the obstinacy of his beast, was violently thrown from the saddle. It was fortunate that evening had closed in before arriving at the hotel to which (for the first time in Syria) they were bound; for, with their clothes deeply stained with the yellow mud of the Dafour, and torn into shreds by the prickly-pear hedges, and their hats equally shapeless from the storms of Saida, our travellers presented the most sorry and ludicrous appearance possible.

The following morning found two of the party in the narrow street leading by a picturesque fountain to the Franciscan convent; but though it was only half-past six the last mass was over. There were but two Fathers belonging to this mission, to which no hospice for pilgrims is attached; but they courteously received the ladies in a large room hung with portraits of Franciscan martyrs, and offered them coffee and breakfast. The ladies, however, were anxious for a mass, and so asked for a guide to show them the way to the Jesuit church, which was instantly accorded to them. It is in the upper part of the town, near the eastern gate, and the travellers found themselves in a building crowded to excess, with a large school of boys at one end, and a multitude of Syrian women, in their white abbas, squatted behind a screen at the other. The seven o'clock mass was over, but another was beginning; and thankfully did one of the pair avail herself of the offer of one of the elder boys to leave the crowded Arab women's quarter for a place nearer the altar, and close to a beautiful picture of the "Pieta." After mass they were shown the schools, which contain upwards of five hundred boys, most of them the sole survivors of their families from the Lebanon massacres. They were preparing for a holiday and an expedition into the mountains, with their kind superior, the Père G——, a name once so well known in the Paris and London world, and now as eminent for his

labors of love among the little flock intrusted to him by the Great Shepherd.

After breakfast our travellers visited the immense establishment of the Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul, which is the glory and pride of Beyrout. Entering by a gateway, on which the simple word "Caritas" is inscribed, you come into a square court, round which are built eight schools for different classes of girls, including one for the training of mistresses, and a beautiful chapel, which, however, the increasing number of their *pensionnaires* is obliging them to enlarge. The education given by the Sisters is admirable in every respect. Leading out of the *parloir* is a garden full of beautiful flowers, and at one end is the hospital and dispensary, crowded at all hours by the native sick. Beyond this garden is another large square, forming, in fact, a separate establishment, and containing between eight and nine hundred orphans, made such by the late massacres. Nothing can be more beautifully managed than this vast establishment by these noble and devoted women. Well may the Sisters of Charity be called, by a noted ecclesiastic, "the salt of the earth." If in Europe their loving step is everywhere hailed with thankfulness and joy, in the East they are the pioneers of civilization, the evangelizers of races, the regenerators of the whole country. Held in affectionate veneration alike by Arab and Moslem, Druse and Maronite, to whose physical wants and sufferings they are ever ministering without distinction of creed, they alone escaped in the hour of fanatical fury. But it is especially in the training of children that they are doing a work for God in those lands, which must be seen in order to be realized. One of the prettiest sights in the world might be seen in the large *parloir* at Beyrout on a Sunday. The Sisters have now been established there for fifteen or sixteen years, and can see the fruit of their work. On that day a crowd of young mothers, who have each and all been educated by the sisters, come in from the mountains and villages round to bring their children to the Venerable Sœur Superieur Gélas, and to take part again in the beautiful service which their girlhood has been taught to love. Her loving motherly arms were clasped round many a bright and smiling face, while the little ones nestled at her feet, all anxious to win from her a kiss or a smile, or else playing gently with the black rosary by her side. She has established, in addition to all her other works, an infant nursery in the hills, where such of the orphans as are too young or too sickly to thrive in the confined atmosphere of the town are reared and nursed by peasant women, under the Sisters' direction. From time to time she visits these her babies, riding on her white donkey, loved and respected by every one she meets. In the hospital, one of our travellers spoke to a Scotch engineer who had been badly scalded in one of the Pasha's steamers. He said, almost with tears, "What should I have done without this place to come to? I have suffered a great deal, it is true; but I have only got to turn in my bed for one of those kind gentle faces to come up and ask me whether I do not want something."

The sun was scarcely risen the following morning when two of our travellers started on an expedition to visit the interesting village of Deir-el-Kahmar. Their road lay through the pine forest outside the town, and through hedges of prickly-pear, pomegranates, and olives, till it began to wind up the steep mountain path, or rather staircase, formed of smooth slabs, which leads to the picturesque convent of Ain-Braba. From thence they had the most glorious view of Beyrout, with its white houses and golden sands, and

the bright blue sea beyond glistening in the rising sun, while date-palms and magnificent stone-pines formed the foreground of the picture. Oleanders blossomed by every rushing stream, and the ground was carpeted with pink linum, cyclamen, and other spring flowers. Ascending still higher, they came on a wayside khan, looking down on a magnificent valley, with a rapid river at the bottom, over which a picturesque bridge was thrown, to which they cautiously descend by a path which was bad and perilous even for Syrian roads. Then reascending on the opposite side, through an underwood of ilex, arbutus, myrtle, and cypress, a sharp turn in the road brought them within sight of the mountain village they had come to visit, called Deir-el-Kahmar, or "Mountain of the Moon," from the large figure of the Blessed Virgin standing on the moon, carved on the outside of the convent-wall. At the head of the valley, projecting boldly against the spur of the mountain, is Beteddin, the beautiful palace of the Emirs of the Lebanon.

Their tents being pitched in an orchard at the entrance of the town, the travellers started to deliver their letters of introduction to the Superior of the Jesuit Mission, the Père B., whom they soon found, encouraging a troop of young Christian volunteers, who were drilling on the plain outside the town under the instruction of an old French sergeant. The Père B. took the English ladies to his ruined convent, part of which has been lately rebuilt, together with the little church and a rude school, where two Sisters of Charity were occupied in giving a working lesson to about fifty native children. Terrible was the account given by him of the horrors of the massacre in 1860, during which he escaped as by a miracle. Trusting in the promises of the Turks, and the still more specious assurances of the Druses, the Christians refused to listen to his earnest words of warning. When the massacre began, on the 20th of June, fifteen hundred of the Christians, with their valuables, took refuge in the governor's house, believing in his solemn assurance of safety and protection. But an hour or two later the Druses were admitied by the Turkish soldiers themselves into the seraglio, and the work of massacre began.

The Père B. took our travellers to the courtyard where this horrible butchery was effected. Not content with murder, they tortured and mutilated their victims, especially the women and children, cutting off their fingers and toes one by one; and, when some clasped their crucifixes in their agony, blasphemous taunts were added to the rest. "Call now on your God, and see if he will come and help you!" Among the victims was M. Bischarra Soussa, one of the richest inhabitants of the place, and an intimate friend of the governor's. He was one of the earliest to take refuge in his house at the first rumor of danger, and refused to follow the counsel of the priest to escape to Beyrout, saying, "that with the friendship of the governor he was perfectly safe." He had just married a beautiful young wife of twenty-one, who had been educated at the pension of the Sisters of Charity, and spoke French and several other languages fluently. When the rest of the Christians had been butchered, Bischarra Soussa and his wife were summoned by the governor to descend into the court. In an instant the whole peril of their position burst upon them. The unhappy man threw himself at the feet of the governor, and implored him to spare his life and that of his wife. The governor coolly turned from him to a Druse standing by and said, "Dispatch him." Bischarra then offered everything he had in the world in exchange for his life. They pretended to accept the conditions, and made him sign a deed conveying to

them his whole fortune. This done, the assassins formed a circle round him; having garroted and thrown him naked on the floor, they strewed gunpowder over him, to which they set fire. They then endeavored to skin him alive; but, finding the operation too slow, dismembered him by degrees; and his wife was forced to be present during the whole of this horrible scene. From the governor's house the murderers proceeded to the convent and church, where a small number of Christians had taken refuge. In this case they were given the alternative of apostasy or death. They all chose the latter. Twenty priests, kneeling at the foot of the altar with their arms extended in the form of a cross, received the palm of martyrdom, the Druses in the meanwhile ringing the church-bells in derision, and calling out to the people to "come to the Mass of their priests." The Superior was reserved for more terrible torments. Stripped naked, he was first scalped, "to renew the tonsure," they said; then with long knives they carved the patterns of his sacerdotal vestments on his back and chest, and finally beheaded him.

More than two thousand victims perished on that awful day. When, a few weeks later, the French troops took possession of the town, they found the mutilated bodies still unburied, having been simply thrown over the wall of the court into the field below. Yet the principal instigators of these horrible deeds remain unpunished. It is true that the Druses and Mohammedans have for the moment been banished from the village, and the Christians are endeavoring in every way to fortify their position in case of a future outbreak. But everything points to further dangers for the Christians of Syria; and the day when the fear of foreign intervention shall be removed from the mind of the Turk will be the signal for a fresh outburst of fanatical fury, in accordance with the Friday's prayer in every mosque, "that the Cross may be uprooted from the soil of Islam."

The Père B., from whom our travellers received these terrible details, escaped through the fidelity of an Arab, whose life he had saved on some previous occasion, and who conveyed him secretly in the night to Beyrout, together with a young schoolmaster whom he had persuaded to accompany him.

On the following morning our travellers assisted at the mass performed in the newly rebuilt Church of the Covenant, on the very site so recently watered by the blood of the martyrs; and to judge by the fervor and devotion of the large congregation, the terrible scenes of late years had not been without their fruit. After mass the Père B. accompanied the travellers to the beautiful but now ruined palace of the Christian emirs, by a steep and perilous descent, where the horses could with difficulty keep their footing. The situation of the palace is quite magnificent; and its architecture and decorations equal the most gorgeous of the Italian palaces. But now all has been destroyed. The beautiful Venetian mosaic, with its elaborate patterns; the rare marbles and agates which panelled the walls,—all are battered into small pieces. The luxurious baths have shared the same fate; the fountains are choked with sand and filth. In the midst of the desolation beautiful roses and ferns were springing out of the ruins, as if nature would efface the mischief which the wanton hand of man had caused. Broken columns; fragments of statues and of exquisitely colored tiles; beautifully painted door cases, and other vestiges of art and luxury, lay scattered about in every direction; while in the midst of all dark-red patches here and there, and crimson stains, told of the fearful deeds of silent horror perpetrated on that dreadful day which had made this

earthly paradise a byword for desolation.

Our travellers sat on the terrace in the once lovely but now neglected garden, looking down on the glorious view in the gorge below, and wishing that some English millionaire would come and restore a place so unequalled in all the world for beauty of natural position. A pretty Christian child brought them coffee and sweetmeats, with bunches of roses, jasmine, and honeysuckle; and a native "sair" pointed out the magnificent stables, capable of containing five hundred horses, which were erected under the arches of the spacious square leading into the garden. The Père B. told them that a multitude of little children were found concealed in the courts and rooms of the palace after the massacre was over; and these were rescued by the Sisters of Charity and brought to their Beyrout orphanage.

A few hours later, our traveller was among those very children in their happy convent home—for to-morrow was to be a grand day at the orphanage. M. de S. was on his visitation tour, and was coming to give the "First Communion" to all those whom the Lazarist Fathers and the Sisters judged fit for the sacred rite. But the lady, leaving the children and Sisters, who were preparing the chapel for the morrow's ceremony, descended the stairs, and turned with the kind and gentle Superior into a corridor on the ground floor, which led into the children's hospital. In one of the little beds is the figure of a beautiful child of fourteen, evidently in the last stage of consumption. She and her little sister were the sole survivors of a family of ten, murdered one by one on that fatal day in that beautiful palace of Beteddin. Her constitution had never recovered the frightful shock; but her gentleness and goodness had endeared her to every one around her. "How is Marie this evening?" asked the Superior of a nursing Sister, whom they met on entering the dormitory. "She is sinking, I fear, ma seur," was the reply, "but good and patient as ever; and now only waiting and longing for *that*," she added with a smile, pointing to a little white veil which hung on a chair beside her.

A bright gleam lit up the young girl's dying face as her visitors approached; while the traveller drawing from her basket two framed casts of Jesus and of Mary, proceeded to hang them on the wall opposite her bed, and to decorate them with the flowers she had brought. "These roses are from your old home, dear child. We must make your room bright, you know, for *to-morrow*," said the lady, in answer to the questioning look of the dying child, who gently murmured, as she kissed her, "O, thank you so much! How good every one is to me! *It will not be long to wait.*"

And now the morning is come, and two hundred and fifty young souls dressed in white, with wreaths of white roses and soft white veils, are kneeling in that beautiful chapel, to receive for the first time the Bread of Life. Marie, too, has been dressed in white in her little bed; but not more pure are the roses round her head or the lilies by her pictures than is that spotless soul sighing but for one thing—to receive her Lord before she departs to see him face to face. Round her neck she wears the blue ribbon and medal of the "Enfans de Marie," which she has likewise received on that day, in compliance with her earnest wish. And now the bell is heard and the light approaches, while the attendant Sisters devoutly kneel. A moment more, and she has received him whom she has so loved and trusted in here. A few moments later she was with him in his kingdom.

ODE.

TO THE SOCIETY OF JESUS.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

ASSOCIATES of Jesus!
O privilege sublime,
Surpassing all the wildest flights
Of mythologic rhyme—
Companions of the Blessed Christ
In very truth to be,
In life and death to humbly share
His sweet society!

Dear company of Jesus!
Thy sainted founder prayed
That on the shoulders of his sons
The cross might, aye, be laid;
Ignatius! 'twere a needless prayer,—
Love ne'er is at a loss,
Who walketh close to Calv'ry's king
Is *sure* of Calv'ry's cross.

The bitterness of mortal pain,
Abandoned and betrayed;
The false tribunals of the world
Where justice stands dismayed;
The stripes, the thorns, the nails, the lance,
Men's scorn, and demons' rage,
Companions of the crucified!
These are your heritage!

But ever in the battle's front,
The vanguard of the king,
The great Society hath place,
Heroic, combating;
And in its fair celestial ranks
Full many a saint appears,
Rubies and diamonds the crown
Of martyr blood and tears.

Onward and upward, then, to swell
Those glad seraphic choirs!
Your feet are in the print of saints,
Sons of immortal sires!
From heaven's heights your brethren lean,
They beckon, lo! they call,
"God's greater glory be your aim,
His will your life, your all!"

A PLEA FOR A BACHELOR'S MANUAL.

A SHY SCHEME.

I AM a shy young man, with a limited income. My residence is in the country—my hair is light—my cheeks are rosy—my stature is small—my manners are mild—my name is Koddle.

How it is that professed literary gentlemen contrive to slide as smoothly as they do, out of one topic and into another, without the slightest appearance of any accompanying jerk, is a mystery to me. I want to tack on to the information imparted in my first paragraph two additional facts: first, that I am anxious to be settled in life; secondly, that I have my eye on a young woman. But there seems, somehow, to be a disrespectful abruptness in mentioning the object of my attachment in that way. It is as if I dragged her into this page by the neck and shoulders, instead of appearing serenely before the public gaze with my charmer escorted on my arm. Her residence is in the country—her hair is light—her cheeks are rosy—her stature is small—her manners are mild. Except that she has no income at all, and that her name is not Koddle, my young woman is wonderfully like me in everything, extreme shyness included. Under these circumstances, it is perhaps remarkable that I should be so fond of her as I am. I can't account for that. But I can smooth away another little difficulty, I can explain how it is that I have not yet imparted the state of my affections. I don't know how.

"Please, Miss, will you marry me?" Too abrupt. "My other self! plunge your hand into my bosom, extract the throbbing principle within, observe whether it adores you or not, and if appearances are satisfactory, keep it forever." Pretty, but perhaps at the same time incomprehensible to a practical young woman of the present day. Ogling? Will ogling alone do it? Possibly, but I have not the right kind of eyes for that exercise. My organs of ogling are too light in color, too small in size, and too stiff in their action for the purpose. Perpetual sighing? She might mistake my intentions, and fancy that I was only endeavoring to express to her a wretched state of health. A sudden dart at her in her father's presence, and an affectionate clasping of her round the waist under her father's astonished eyes? Could that excellent gentleman be depended on to start from his chair, and say, "Scoundrel, what are your intentions?"—and could I make sure of having presence of mind enough to drop on my knees and reply instantly, "Dear sir, they are strictly honorable?" I fear not, it takes so much to get some parents out of their chairs, and so little to upset a lover, like me. Shall I write to her father? Then there is the dreadful embarrassment of the first meeting with her afterwards. Shall I write to the charmer herself? The same embarrassment still lies in wait for me. I can't express it in words, or looks, or sighs, or sudden embraces, or epistolary correspondence. What am I to do? Again the humiliating confession escapes me, again I answer—I don't know.

This is a serious, and, as I am inclined to think, even a sad state of things. Here is my future depending on my doing something—and I can't do it. Even if I could find the courage to make the offer, I should not feel certain of discovering at the same time the right words in which to express it. In this matter such awful interests depend upon such

shocking trifles. I know a heart-rending case in point. A friend of mine, almost as shy as I am myself, armed himself with the resolution which I do not possess, watched his opportunity, and started with his offer of marriage to the object of his affection. It was in the wintertime, and he had a cold. He advanced about six words into the preparatory sentence, the lady was listening with modest, yet encouraging attention—he got to the seventh word, and felt a sudden titillation in the upper part of his nose—he pronounced the eighth word, and—burst irrepressibly into a shrill, raging, screaming sneeze! The lady (who can blame her?) after a noble effort to preserve her self-control, fell back in the chair in convulsions of laughter. An offer is an essentially serious thing. Who could proceed with it under those circumstances? Not my friend, at any rate. He tried to begin again, two or three days afterwards. At his first look of unutterable love, at his first approach to the tender topic, he saw the lady's face get red, and the lady's lips desperately compress themselves. The horrid explosion of the sneeze was firing itself off again in her memory, she was shaking all over with suppressed laughter. He tried a third time, the same result followed, and then he gave it up. They have not met since; they never will meet. They were made for each other by nature; they were sweetly and suitably matched in age, fortune, social position, and mutual tastes. And what has rudely torn them asunder forever?—a sneeze! I write this with tears in my eyes, and do not envy the feelings of any man or woman who can laugh at it.

To return to my own case. It is very hard, I think, that no provision is made for bashful men like me, who want to declare the state of their affections, who are not accustomed to female society, and who are habitually startled and confused, even on ordinary occasions, whenever they hear the sound of their own voices. There are people ready to assist us in every other emergency of our lives, but in the greatest difficulty of all, we are inhumanly left to help ourselves. There have been one or two rare occasions, on which one or two unparalleled women have nobly stepped forward and relieved us of our humiliating position as speechless suitors, by taking all the embarrassment of making the offer on their own shoulders. I know an instance of this, and I feel bound to relate it as a soothing and cheerful contrast to the harrowing anecdote which I have just told. Our doctor where I live has been all his life a martyr to shyness, and but for the admirably decided conduct of his wife under trying circumstances, I happen to know that he would never have been the father of the ten sweet children who now enliven and adorn his existence. He was just in my miserable position when he was kindly invited to tea (and muffins) one evening by his charmer's agreeable mother. At the head of the table sat this estimable woman in a new cap. At the foot of the table sat her accomplished daughter in a new gown. Between them sat my friend the doctor, looking in speechless confusion at a plate of muffins placed exactly opposite to him. No other visitor marred the harmony of the domestic scene. They had a cup of tea all round, and a plate of muffins—and my friend never spoke. They had a second cup of tea, stronger than the first, and a second plate of muffins more richly buttered. Even this encouragement failed to loosen the doctor's tongue. At the third cup, and pending the arrival of the third plate of muffins, the expressive eyes of the daughter rested significantly on the countenance of her maternal parent. "Mamma," she said, with a kind of silvery calmness. "Mamma, shall I have him?" "My dear," replied the indulgent lady, "Have I ever thwarted you in any of your little caprices?

Please yourself, love; please yourself." The third plate of muffins came in. It was set down in solemn silence. The mother took a bit encouragingly, the doctor took a bit confusedly, the daughter took a bit meditatively. "I think," she said after a moment of charming reverie, "I think, mamma, I will have him." She turned and looked critically at the doctor, waited till he had, with great difficulty, disposed of a mouthful of muffin, and then held out her hand, with fascinating frankness. "There!" she said, "don't let us make a fuss about it. There is my hand!" Six weeks afterwards he was married, and has been the happiest man in existence ever since.

Such a case as this is, unfortunately, an exceptional one. It has been most hastily and most unwarrantably established as a social principle that all men are audacious and enterprising in their love affairs, because they are men, and on these manifestly false grounds, the conclusion has been adopted that it is invariably the business of the man to make the offer. Dear, dear me! are we all Don Juans? Is there no such being in existence as a bashful man? On the other hand, are all young women naturally struck speechless with confusion at the mention of marriage? Do they all fall into such convulsions of modesty at the first prospect of assuming bridal responsibilities, as really to lose the admirable self-possession which is one of the most charming attributes of the sex in every other circumstance of life? My own observation of the appearance and behavior of brides and bridegrooms, under the trying ordeal of the wedding-day, inclines me to believe that the loss of self-possession is almost invariably on the man's side. It is my firm opinion (supposing my mind to be robust enough to support a firm opinion about anything) that, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the offer of marriage would be much more quickly, sensibly, and irresistibly made if it came from the lady instead of the gentleman; and I would respectfully invite any man who disagrees with me to compare the behavior of the bride with the behavior of the bridegroom the next time he goes to a wedding. The wisdom of the ancients seems to have sanctioned some such salutary change of custom as that which I propose, at the period of leap year. But the practice has fallen into disuse, and the modest men of the community have suffered unspeakably in consequence.

If I only had the courage, I would suggest to some of those public-spirited ladies who are so nobly trying to take away from the men everything they have got, and to give it all to the women, that they might make out a very strong case against the male population if they accused my grasping sex of monopolizing the right of making offers. What is the use of talking of the equality of the sexes as long as one sex perpetually exercises the right of putting the question, and leaves to the other sex only the inferior and secondary privilege of giving the answer? Let it be understood for the future that the men are to take their turn of waiting until they are spoken to. Let every other year be considered for matrimonial purposes a leap year, and give the unhappy bashful bachelor a good twelvemonth's chance of getting an offer. It may be objected, I know, that even in the event of this wholesome reform in our manners being carried out, I could scarcely hope to be personally a gainer by it, seeing that my young woman is, according to my own confession, as retiring in her habits as I am myself. I can only answer to this that I have noticed, on the few occasions when I have had opportunities of exercising my observation, a great difference to exist between the shyness of a woman and the shyness of a man. To

refer to my own case, I have remarked that my charmer's shyness differs from mine in being manageable, graceful, and, more than that, in being capable of suppressing itself and of assuming a disguise of the most amazing coolness and self-possession on certain trying occasions. I have heard the object of my affections condemned by ignorant strangers as a young woman of unpleasantly audacious manners, at the very time when my intimate familiarity with her character assured me that she was secretly suffering all the miseries of extreme confusion and self-distrust. Whenever I see her make up a bold face, by drawing her hair off her forehead, and showing the lovely roots all round; whenever I hear her talking with extraordinary perseverance, and laughing with extraordinary readiness; whenever I see her gown particularly large in pattern, and her ribbons dazzlingly bright in color —then I feel certain that she is privately quaking with all the most indescribable and most unreasonable terrors of shyness. Knowing this, I should not be at all apprehensive of a long period of silence elapsing, if a reform in our social laws authorized my charmer to help me out by making my offer for me. She would do it, I know, with an appearance of extraordinary indifference and gayety—with her utmost fluency of utterance, with her most melliflu-ously easy laughter—in her gown of the largest pattern, in her ribbons of the fiercest brightness,—with her poor heart thumping the whole time as if it would burst, and with every nerve in her body trembling all over from head to foot. My experience has not been a large one, but that is my humble idea of the real nature of a woman's shyness.

However, it is useless to speculate on what might happen if the oppressive laws of courtship were relaxed,—for no such welcome event is likely to take place. It will be more to the purpose, perhaps, if I venture on introducing a little practical suggestion of my own, which struck me while I was meditating on my unhappy position, which involves no sweeping change in the manners and customs of the age, and which, so far as I know, has never made its appearance in print before.

I am informed by persons of experience in the world of letters (about which I myself know nothing), that the ladies of the present century have burst into every department of literature, have carried off the accumulated raw material from under the men's noses, and have manufactured it to an enormous and unheard-of extent for the public benefit. I am told that out of every twelve poems or novels that are written, nine at least are by ladies; that they write histories in six or eight volumes with great ease and satisfaction to themselves, while the men can only compass the same achievements with extreme difficulty in one or two volumes; and that they are perpetually producing books of travel, which are all about themselves and their own sensations, without the slavish fear of that possible imputation of self-conceit which so often lurks in the more timid bosom of man. I am particularly rejoiced to hear of this, because my suggestion involves nothing less than the writing of one gigantic book by all the ladies of Great Britain put together. What I propose is a Handbook of Courtship, written by all British wives, and edited with notes by all British daughters.

The magnitude of my own idea absolutely takes away my breath,—and yet the execution of it is so unimaginably easy that the Handbook might be ready for publication in six months' time. I propose that every married lady in the country shall write down the exact words (for surely her affectionate heart must remember them?) which her

husband used when he made his offer to her; and that she shall then add to the interesting report of the offer illustrative particulars of the circumstances under which it was made, and of the accompanying actions (if any) by which the speaker emphasized the all-important words as they fell from his lips. I would have the returns thus prepared collected as the income tax papers are, with the most extreme care and the most honorable secrecy. They should be afterwards shuffled together in baskets and distributed one by one, just as they happened to turn up, among the unmarried ladies of the country, with the following brief formula of two questions attached: First. Would the form of offer presented herewith have proved to be a satisfactory one in your case? And, if not, will you state in what particulars you think it might be improved? Second. Would the accompanying actions by which the offer was pressed on the kind attention of the individual addressed, have specially inclined you to favor it with a suitable reply? And, if not, what improvements in the way of addition or suppression would you be disposed in the strictest confidence to suggest? When the necessary answers to these questions had been given, I would have the papers again collected on the same income tax principle; and would immediately set the printers at work. The married ladies' returns should form the text, and the unmarried ladies' returns should be added in the form of notes. No names or addresses should appear anywhere. The book should be bound in virgin white, with orange flower decorations on the back. It should be printed in rose-colored ink, and it should be issued to the world from a publishing house established for the purpose.

What an inestimable bachelor's manual this would be! What a circulation it would have among all classes! What a delightful sense of confidence it would awaken in the mind of the diffident male reader! How could any man go wrong with the Handbook to refer to, before he committed himself to a positive course of action? If I had such a book within my reach at this moment, I might look out and learn the form of offer which I felt to be most suitable in my own case; might discover and correct its little human imperfections, by reference to the critical notes appended to it; and might become a happy accepted man (if I could depend upon my memory) by to-morrow at latest. How many other men might enjoy the same benefit, if the practical results of the experience of others were thus placed at their disposal,—how many extra marriages might be solemnized in the course of the first year after the publication of the Handbook, I cannot presume to say. I can only point to the serious necessity that there is for bringing out the great work that I have proposed. I can only implore the ladies to undertake it, in consideration of the literary honor and glory which it would confer upon the whole sex.

In the meantime here I am, shyly hovering around my fate, and helplessly ignorant how to rush in and close with it at once and forever. If I could feel sure that the Bachelor's Manual was likely to be soon produced, I might, perhaps, manage to wait for it. But in the absence of any positive information on the subject, I feel that I must make up my mind to do something desperate immediately. A spoken explanation of my feelings—unless I could manage to catch my young woman in the dark—being in my case manifestly out of the question, I suppose I must bashfully resign myself after all to the alternative of writing. In the event of my mustering courage enough to compose the letter and send it off when done, the

question is, How had I better behave myself when the inevitable embarrassment of the first meeting with her comes afterwards? Shall I begin with words, or begin with actions? Or to be plainer still, which shall I address first, her waist or her mind? Will any charitable married lady kindly consider my especial weakness of disposition, and send me privately one word of advice as to which of these two delicate alternatives it will be safest for me to adopt?

HOPE AND PRAYER.

'Twas moonlight on the heaving sea,
  The stars peeped through the vessel's shrouds,
The wind was piping mournfully,
  And pushing slow the silver clouds;
The exiles crowded on the shore,
  The longboat rose upon the swell,
The shadow of a Nevermore
  Hung dark on every sad farewell;
    But she did say, "For aye, for aye,
    My love, my darling, hope and pray!"

And shall I never see again
  Those tearful eyes that lightened swift,
As after some slight summer rain
  The sun gleams through a cloudy rift?
No, never, never, never more!
  When did the sea give up its dead?
Its surges sounding on the shore,
  In hollow moanings low and dread,
    Forever say, For aye, for aye,
    You need not hope, you need not pray!

'Tis May—the merry, happy May;
  'Tis Spring—the foolish, selfish time
When careless souls can hope and pray,
  And hollow hearts like bells can chime.
As through the crevice of a tomb,
  I see the outside world of light,
That doubly darks my sorrowing doom
  To rage and curse throughout my night.
    The worldlings say, For aye, for aye,
    You cannot hope, you cannot pray!

And yet she loved the month of flowers,
  The distant chime of village bells
From out the church's voiceful towers;
  As o'er the meads their sinks and swells

Went throbbing past, she stopped to hear
  And laughing lightly, turned to say,
"Why chime the distant bells, my dear?"
  I said, "They chime our wedding day!"
    To-day they say, For aye, for aye,
    Why do you hope, why do you pray?

O pious pansy! bending low
  Thy poor shorn head with reverent air,
What hopings hast thou known to grow
  From out the transport of thy prayer?
Another life renews thy bloom;
  The grass shall grow and birds shall sing;
Far through the winter's chilling gloom
  Thou'st heard the promise of the Spring;
    I hear thee say, For aye, for aye,
    For this I hope, for this I pray.

Oh, yes! this world is bright with hope—
  This world is holier far with prayer;
I see the crest of life's dim slope,
  Two angel voices call me there.
My first, my last, my only love!
  I see a dawning near and far,
And in the rosy glow above,
  The pale and radiant morning star!
    Yes, all things say, For aye, for aye,
    You need but hope, you need but pray!

LETTY DORMER.

"I WOULD rather die!" said Letty, passionately.

"Just so, my dear; all young girls would rather die than give up an unsubstantial fancy for a profitable reality. In general, however, they do give it up, and they do not die," answered her mother, quietly.

"Mamma, how cruel you are!" cried the girl, with a kind of angry despair in her voice.

"Because I am rational? How cruel you are, you ought rather to say, Letty, to give me so much trouble when I am acting only for your own good; and when you know that you will have to yield at last."

"I will not yield—I will die first," replied Letty.

"You are very fond of that assertion, my dear; but it does not move me. I know so well that you will marry as I wish you to do, and live into quite a respectable old age. You are healthy, though you do not come of a long-lived family on one side." She sighed,—it was a conventional sigh,—and then she faintly murmured, "Poor papa!"

"Oh, mamma! you are too dreadful with your cold sarcasms," cried Letty, flinging up her hands.

"And you are too silly with your mock heroics, my dear. If you had not me to guide you into common

sense, what a mess you would make of your life!"

"What a wreck you wish to make it!" cried Letty.

"Silly little girl," said Mrs. Dormer, with compassionate contempt. "You are like a naughty child who will thrust its hand into the fire, and thinks its nurse abominably cruel because she tries to prevent it. The day will come, my dear, when you will thank me instead of scolding me as you are doing now, that I put an end to this absurd affair with Mr. Ratcliffe, and gave you such an admirable settlement in Mr. Mounsey."

"Admirable settlement! A man old enough to be my father—a man I hate, and that no girl could like—only with money."

"And, having money, with all that a portionless girl can desire and more than she has a right to expect," said Mrs. Dormer, taking up a few dropped stitches leisurely.

"Oh, I know you don't think it necessary for a wife to love her husband," said Letty, sarcastically.

"To begin with?—by no means, my dear," answered her mother, with perfect good breeding and good temper. "Love comes by habit, by the fact of a pleasant home where there is no stint, and where everything goes on comfortably. One man is very much the same as another man when you know them; and, with a moderate amount of amiability, a well-principled girl is sure to be happy if she is properly provided for."

"Your opinions are absolutely monstrous, and I will have nothing to do with them," said Letty, angrily.

"Only to fulfil them, little goose, when you have worked off the froth." Mrs. Dormer returned the answer with a slight laugh; and the servant at that moment flung open the door with an air, and ushered in—"Mr. Mounsey."

A short, thick-set irascible-looking man, with grizzled hair cropped close, broad bushy eyebrows, and that kind of mustache and whiskers run together about a clean shaven chin which gives such a wild-beast expression to a face; a confident, aggressive, unsympathetic-looking man; a man to push his own way in the world without regard to those he shouldered aside, and to hold his own, let who would want; a man to be wary of in business, and with whom it would be necessary to be cautious how one made him friend or foe; a man strong in his own right, and standing four-square in his own esteem; but, as Letty said, a man whom no girl could love. This was the wealthy Mr. Mounsey who had been pleased to cast eyes of admiration on portionless Letty Dormer, and to demand of her mother as his wife and the mistress of Mounsey Park. And Mrs. Dormer had promised in spite of that "little folly" with George Ratcliffe, which she had encouraged eagerly enough when no better chances were on hand.

As he came in, his somewhat cruel face lighted up with a kind of masterful smile of pleasure, Mrs. Dormer rose and welcomed him; but Letty sat pale and rebellious, not fearful or trembling, not shrinking or shy, but with a look of set purpose, of undisguised hostility on her face, which her very pallor and rigidity seemed to intensify. Mr. Mounsey wisely ignored all unpleasant signs. His cue was to refer Letty's resistance to the coy reserve of maidenly modesty. Girls never know their own minds, not to speak of their best interests; he and Mrs. Dormer were fully agreed on that point; and as he had mamma's consent, he thought it waste of force to attempt an argument with the girl herself; trusting to patient holding on to his point, the dazzle of his riches, and her mother's influence for a happy issue out of all his perplexities.

"To their like," he said curtly, if gallantly, going straight up to Letty and offering her an open case containing a costly set of pearls.

"For me? Thank you, no," said Letty, coldly.

"It is usual, my dear Miss Dormer," answered Mr. Mounsey. He had not got yet to the length of calling her Letty—he had tried it once, and he had not repeated it.

"Usual to what?" said Letty, raising her eyes to him. "I know of nothing which should make such a present from you to me usual or possible."

"My dear child," said Mrs. Dormer, sweetly, "it seems to me you are rather wandering to-day. The heat probably," with an apologetic turn of her head to her future son-in-law.

"Probably," said that gentleman, a little fiercely; "but I own I should like to hear something more satisfactory from the young lady herself. All this coyness is very well up to a certain point; beyond that it is tiresome and annoying."

"It will all come right in time," said Mrs. Dormer, blandly.

"Never!" cried Letty.

"Silly little puss," said her mother; but her look was not so playful as her words.

"Mamma, why will you force this hateful pretence on me?" cried Letty, with tearful passion. "You know I will never be Mr. Mounsey's wife."

"My dear young lady, I can wait," cried Mr. Mounsey, suddenly changing his tone of annoyance to one of the blandest, most flattering tenderness. "And if I have to wait for the beautiful Miss Dormer as long as that old fellow in the Bible waited for his wife, I will. I have to conquer in the end, and you have to be my wife."

"Never!" said Letty.

"He is doing you too much honor, Letty," said Mrs. Dormer, severely.

"Honor!" she repeated scornfully. "Do you call insolence and tyranny honor?"

And with this she rose and left the room; and Mrs. Dormer and Mr. Mounsey looked at each other not comfortably.

Poor and genteel Mrs. Dormer prided herself on her birth and breeding. "Noblesse oblige" was her favorite motto, though there were some who said that her nobility was only a holiday garment worn for show, the obligations of which extended no farther than to kid gloves and silver fish-knives. Still, she was a lady; and as such she shrank from all things vulgar, perhaps more than from things sinful. And one of the strophes in her litany of praise over Mr. Mounsey was that, although he was confessedly a self-made man, he was not vulgar. Also, that he had no family belonging to him to show the rougher side of the web from which he and they had been originally made. All that was known of him, or rather that he choose to say of himself, was that he had been an Eastern merchant somewhere,—locality not exactly defined,—and that the result was Mounsey Park. And Mrs. Dormer sagely concluded to look no closer and ask no more.

Down in the village lived one Will Cobbold, a slippery, clever, ne'er-do-weel, a carpenter by trade, a mechanician by genius, generally supposed to be capable of anything to which he chose to turn his hand, but who had drunk away all his chances as fast as they had offered themselves, gradually passing from bad to worse till he was now the warning example held up as a moral scarecrow by parents and advisers. Will had a tidy kind of wife, poor body, and a son—a decent fellow enough—who, partly because the bad name of his father clung to him in the old place, partly because he liked rambling for its own sake, had gone off on his travels, until he had cast anchor in

a small village far away. Its precise name does not signify. It was made up of a couple of l's, as many r's, with a y and a w as the floating power. No one in Market Hill knew much about it, anyhow. Least of all did Mr. Mounsey, of Mounsey Park, trouble himself to learn where young Will Cobbold, the drunken carpenter's son, had bestowed himself.

As for old Will, he and Mr. Mounsey were always at twos, as the neighbors said. As a Christian, the gentleman reprobated the loose habits of the workman; as a magistrate he fined them, and that heavily. So that Will's days were, at this time, exceptionally evil, and his heart towards the new magnate of the district was bitter.

He wrote out his griefs to his son at the unpronounceable village; and expressed, as his private opinion, that "Miss Letty Dormer, of the Cottage, who was agoing to be his wife, and Mr. Ratcliffe put aside as if he had been nothing better nor a dummy, would have her hands full when she got the old Radical; and that she had better think twice afore she did what no one in the world could undo when did."

This letter young Will read to his wife Mary, as he sat by the fireside with her and her mother, not a month after his marriage.

"What Mounsey may that be?" asked Mrs. Jones, Mary's mother. "I was a Mounsey myself afore I saw poor Jones."

"Don't know," said young Will, "more nor he be a mainly rich gentleman as hav' been in the East somewheres; but no one knows much about him."

"His name mayn't be three M's —Morley Magnus?" asked Mrs. Jones in a vague way.

"Ay, that I know it is," said Will; "and many's the good laugh we've had over it in the town."

"Why, mother!" cried Mary, who had turned quite pale.

"Ay, lass, I know what you'd say," said her mother, rising, and speaking in an excited manner. "As sure as you're born that's the uncle you've heard me speak of so often! Will Cobbold, that Mounsey yonder in his fine park is my brother. There can't be another such name in the world; for father, he called him Morley Magnus after his two godfathers, the chemist and the draper of Herket. You see if your gentleman don't come from Herket in the Forest, you see if he don't. He went to foreign parts better nor twenty years agone. He was as clever as you please, but always a close gripe; and, if you'll believe me, he has never once wrote home since he heard that poor father died, and mother and me was in trouble, and he was asked to help with a few dollars; and he rolling in riches, as one may say."

"Well, mother," said Will, "suppose we give them all a start at the old place, and travel there unexpected? I reckon our fine gentleman won't be quite so down on father when his own niece has got his son, hey, Mary?"

"Not much of a get," said Mary, saucily.

But Will gave her one for her impertinence, and they cried quits over the punishment.

The preparations for Letty's marriage with the rich possessor of Mounsey Park were still going on in a languid, intermittent sort of way; the girl protesting, the mother insisting, the man persevering, and expressing himself confident as to the future. Meanwhile, George Ratcliffe came back to Market Hill, and his presence, while it comforted Letty, served to make all things more confused. His firm refusal to be dismissed on anything short of her expressed desire, and Mrs. Dormer's as firm refusal to allow of his pretensions, made a kind of tumult in the place which set every one talking. But no one knew the exact rights of the case. All that was certain was, that there

was a hitch somewhere; that Letty looked miserably ill, and George Ratcliffe miserably unhappy; and that of the whole of the quartette concerned, Mr. Mounsey, of Mounsey Park, was the only one who kept any appearance of content, or who seemed, as the doctor said, as if he could eat a mutton chop without choking. He never spoke to any one in confidence. He was not the kind of man to give his confidence. But he often said, as a matter of course, to his neighbors, "When I am married, I will do so and so;" "That must wait till we have come back from our tour;" "When I have my wife at Mounsey Park, this and that will be better arranged;" all said in the quietest and most positive tone imaginable—the tone of a man who, as he himself said, "rode to win."

One day Letty was sitting in the little morning-room, to which latterly she had retreated as a place of refuge, her mother having the fine lady's natural disinclination to sit in anything but the drawing-room. Here she was hiding in sad mood enough, thinking over her position, and wondering how she should get out of the net that was being daily drawn more closely round her, when her mother came in.

"Letty," she said, abruptly; "things have come to a crisis, and now you must decide our future."

"Mamma! I have decided!" answered Letty, with her weary air. "Why will you torture me so cruelly?"

"The cruelty has not been on my side," said her mother. "I said so once before, and I say so now again."

"It would be hard to make me believe that," said Letty.

"So! then, I must tell you the whole truth. Listen, Letty; if you had been obedient, and had done as you ought, you need never have known it. I owe Mr. Mounsey several thousands of dollars; and if you do not marry him he will proceed against me. That is all. It is simply a question of our utter ruin—yours and mine together, Letty—or your consenting to be his wife. Now, I leave my fate in your hands."

"You mean in fact, mamma, that you have sold me to this man," said Letty, with a strained unnatural calmness; "and that I must pay the price—by myself?"

"You may call it what you like, Letty; but why choose such unpleasant terms? The fact is, the only thing to be dealt with; unfortunately for us both."

"Unfortunately—yes, indeed!" sighed Letty, still with that fixed, strained look. "But I must speak to George. I can do nothing, say nothing, without him."

"I don't see much good in going to him for advice," said her mother, irritably. "It is your affair, not his."

"Mamma!" remonstrated Letty.

"Well, my dear, so it is. The question is one which you alone can answer. Will you marry Mr. Mounsey, or must I be ruined and rendered penniless for the remainder of my life? That you have no love for me, I know——"

Here Letty raised her large gray eyes with a plaintive look, saying, in a deprecatory manner, "Mamma, I do love you! You know that I do!"

"But," continued Mrs. Dormer, in a martyr-spirit, sweetly self-forgetful, "if you have no love for me, you surely have some kind of family pride; you would scarcely like your father' name (you loved him) to be dragged through the mire, as it must be."

"Oh, mamma! mamma!" cried poor Letty, breaking down in sobs and tears, "do not mention poor papa's name in the business; there is sacrilege enough in it without that!"

"You are hard on me, Letty," said Mrs. Dormer, tears in her eyes, too, "but perhaps I have deserved it; and if it will make matters better for you—I am sorry for you, my

poor child!" she added, with a genuine burst of feeling rare in her.

Then the two women, the ice broken, clasped in each other's arms, sobbed out their grief in concert, which at least destroyed the coldness that had sprung up between them, and made them partners in suffering, not, as formerly, antagonists and enemies.

While they were sitting there, both feeling the sacredness of the anguish of the moment, the servant came to tell them that Mr. Mounsey was in the drawing-room, the time of his daily visit having arrived.

"Letty, what am I to say to him?" asked Mrs. Dormer, drying her eyes, yet still weeping; "am I to tell him yes or no? He has come for his final answer to-day, and I dare not put him off any longer."

"I cannot, mamma, till I have seen George," sobbed Letty. "If it is only a question of this money, George may help us. So long as I thought you wanted me to marry for a settlement only I did not mind refusing you; and I could not put George forward; I could only remain true to him, and hope for the future; but if it is money that can be paid off, mamma, if he can raise the sum you want, will not this set you free? and then will you not release me?"

"Certainly, if I could get out of the man's debt I would not press you, my dear. But it would be a splendid provision for you!" said Mrs. Dormer, regretfully, looking back to the flesh-pots. "You must come yourself now, Letty! I dare not face him alone any more. Ah! my child, you little know what my life has been of late between you both," she added, shuddering.

"I will go with you, mamma," said Letty, resolutely. "From me, at least, he shall learn the truth."

And they went together, arm in arm; the two who had been so long estranged suddenly become friends.

"I augur well from this happy companionship," said Mr. Mounsey, gallantly, as the two women entered the room. "Is my term of probation at last come to an end?"

This last was addressed to Letty, with a tender air that accorded ill with his fierce and fervid face.

"I have just heard that mamma owes you money," said Letty, plunging into the heart of the matter at a bound.

"A mere nothing, my dear."

"Don't call me dear, sir," interrupted Letty, angrily.

"Indeed, absolutely nothing—not so much as a cobweb between Mrs. Dormer and her son-in-law; rather a large sum, I confess, between Mrs. Dormer of the Cottage and Mr. Mounsey of Mounsey Park. You see I am a man of business, my dear young lady—pardon the slip, it would come—and though prepared to do all that is handsome by my relation, not prepared to give away my money to individuals who have no claim on me. Don't you see the justice of this for yourself?"

"Yes," said Letty, straightly. "Then the whole thing is a mere matter of money. If I can get this loan of yours to mamma paid off I shall hold myself free from the promise she has made for me. If I cannot—"

"This, my charming Letty, will be a receipt in full of all demands," interrupted Mr. Mounsey, taking her hand in his and forcibly kissing it. She wiped it with her handkerchief immediately after, with an air of the deepest disgust; and the man's fierce face took a dark look it was well she did not see.

At this moment there passed the window which looked on the drive a group of four, two of whom were men and two were women. The men were the Cobbolds, old and young Will, both dressed in their Sunday best, and both sober, which, for the elder of the two, was a blessed privilege becoming daily rarer. The women were Mrs. Jones,

from Wales, and her daughter Mary. The front door stood open, as is so often the case in the country, where there is neither fear nor danger, and the party entered the hall without knocking. They did, however, knock at the drawing-room door, and then they all entered.

"Who in heaven's name are you all, and what do you want? Cobbold! young William!" cried Mrs. Dormer, angrily.

"Morley Magnus! brother Morley Magnus!" said Mrs. Jones in a tearful voice, wiping her eyes with her shawl. And, "Well uncle, and how are you?" said Mary, who was a pert young woman in her way.

Then Mrs. Jones fell on his neck and kissed him, and Mary took his hand and shook it heartily, sideways.

"Who are these lunatics?" said Mr. Mounsey, with a fine air of disdain. He did not start, nor blush, nor show any other emotion than that of surprise tempered with pity and contempt.

"Your own sister, sir," said old Will.

"My wife, Mr. Mounsey," chimed in the younger man; and Mary, with her head in the air, repeated airily, "Your niece, uncle."

"Sister! I have no sister! who dares to say I have a sister?" said Mr. Mounsey of Mounsey Park, fiercely.

"Hear to him! Hear to him how he disowns his own flesh and blood!" cried Mrs. Jones, more tearfully than before. "Oh, Morley Magnus, that ever I should have lived to see this day! And mother and me has always looked for you to come when your time was out, and you was a free man once again; and father died in trouble, and they took our house!"

"Silence, you old witch!" shouted the owner of Mounsey Park; but Mary, who had a spirit, flashed out with "Witch yourself, old man. No man shall miscall my mother to my face, if he were twenty times an uncle!" And the two Cobbolds rubbed their hands behind their hats, and looked as if they liked it.

"My word, but she has a spirit, Will!" whispered the father, with a grin.

"Fine!" returned Will, with an approving nod.

Her tone startled Mr. Mounsey into sudden reflection.

"There must be some mistake here," he said, in a mild voice, turning to Mrs. Dormer and Letty, and speaking in a conciliating manner.

"No, ladies, there is none," said Mrs. Jones. "That man is my own brother, who got into a little bit of trouble when he was a lad, about some sheep as found their way to father's. He were transported, he were, sorry am I to say it; and when his time was out he wrote as how he had gone farther off to foreign parts. But he never wrote no more, though we heard of him, and how he had made mines of gold. He left us to starve, if we'd a mind. He never sent us a penny, or a pair of old shoes, though he knew we were bound to be in trouble when father died. His name is Morley Magnus Mounsey, ladies. His poor father, he named him the three M.'s after Mr. Morley—he were the chemist, and Magnus were the draper, of our town—who was his godfather, and stood for him. And this girl of mine, Will Cobbold's wife—and a good girl she is, and a tidy wife he have got, though I say it as shouldn't, and though she has a spirit as would face a lion—she's a Mounsey, too. For I kept the old name to her, as the Mounseys they was better blood than the Jones's; and many's the time poor Jones and me have had words on the same. And hearing from Will Cobbold there that you had Morley Magnus here among you, I made bold to come and see if he would help me and mine—for I am only a lone widow, ladies—and maybe raise Will and his father a bit in the world."

"Raise them so high, my fine friends, that you will all be indicted for conspiracy, and trying to extort money," said Mr. Mounsey. "In seeking to ruin me you have only destroyed yourself; and, by the Lord, you shall have it hot!" he cried, passionately.

"Mamma, this man is too hateful," said Letty, indignantly. "A thief, a convict, it is surely done with now!"

"You will be prepared with that little sum I spoke of this day week, when your bill falls due?" said Mr. Mounsey, with a frigid bow to Mrs. Dormer, and a fiery glance to Letty, whom else he ignored.

"Yes," said Letty, boldly.

Mr. Mounsey raised his eyebrows.

"Undeveloped resources," he said, with a sneer, still addressing Mrs. Dormer. "I can scarcely think your young beggar friend, Mr. Ratcliffe, can raise the funds; but I presume you know where to find your market. You have missed one good settlement, madam; but better luck next time!"

And, with an insolent laugh, he took his hat, and passed out.

"Pay it?" said George, when Letty told him all; "why, of course I will pay it. I can raise the money; never you mind how, Letty. We shall only have to wait a little longer, and work a little harder, and maybe live a little simpler, that is all. But we are safe now, and I think the money well spent."

"Ah! what a thing it is to have to do with a gentleman," said Mrs. Dormer, with languid enthusiasm, and her usual happy knack of setting herself just that one step in front of her circumstances which is the line that separates welcome from resignation. "Now, Mr. Mounsey was rich, but he was not a gentleman. And to think of Letty being old Cobbold's niece—how horrible!"

"And the wife of a convict," put in George, a little grimly.

"I should not have been old Will's niece, only his son's wife's mother's," laughed Letty; she had begun to laugh again in these later times. "That would have been near enough, however. Not that I should have minded Mrs. Jones or Will Cobbold, or the convict taint either, George, if it had been you," she added, fondly.

"My dear, don't suggest such horrible ideas," said Mrs. Dormer, shuddering. "There are certain subjects which are not to be jested on."

"So Mr. Mounsey seems to think," said George; "for I heard that he has left the Park, and put it into Brille's hands for sale."

"What a blessing," said Letty.

But her mother, with a glance in the mirror opposite, looked dubious.

"I am sorry it has all come out so ill against him," she said. "He was not a gentleman; but all the same, Mounsey Park was a charming domain."

"Even with Will Cobbold at the gates, and that conviction for sheep-stealing to be turned up at any time?" asked George, a trifle contemptuously.

"Money can do a great deal," answered Mrs. Dormer.

"Yes, it can," replied George, drawing Letty to him tenderly. "It can heal two broken hearts, and make two despairing wretches the happiest people in the world—can't it Letty?"

"Yes, George," said Letty, with her hand in his.

SAINT BERNARD.

In the year 1112, the Desert of Citeaux, within a few miles of Dijon, was a nearly inaccessible solitude "where the foot of man hath ne'er or rarely trod." In the depths of this solitude was a monastery where men dwell who had abandoned for Christ's sake all that the world holds dear. They had devoted themselves to a life of perfection and austerity, and their rigid practices had obtained a widespread fame, forming as they did so strong a contrast to the abuses and relaxed discipline which had crept into religious orders. That life of perpetual sacrifice was a tacit but true reproach to the degenerate communities where luxury and self-indulgence were the portion of those who had vowed themselves to poverty. The reproach was too cutting to be silently borne, and the monks of Cluny—sadly prominent among the communities which had fallen away from their first fervor, could not suffer the rise of an order which was to them an ever-speaking rebuke. Calumnies prompted by envy burst forth on all sides. The monks of the desert were denounced as innovators who carried asceticism to excess, and accused of introducing schism and division into religious orders.

The Abbot of Citeaux at the time was an Englishman, St. Stephen, justly celebrated for his great virtue. His patience never faltered, and to calumny after calumny, his only answer was renewed zeal and vigilance. Nevertheless his faith was put to a severe test. Gloom and depression of spirits began to overcloud the usually bright faces of the monks as they passed silently to their duties. Death had laid its icy hand upon their house.

A fatal malady had for some time been rife in the surrounding country, but nowhere did it prevail so severely as in the monastery. Day by day the ranks of the community were thinned by the loss of some dear brother. At last as St. Stephen knelt by the bedside of one of his dying children, a great weight of agony seemed to overwhelm him; he buried his face in his hands whilst cold drops of perspiration fell from his brow. Must he see his beloved spiritual children swept away one by one until the order shall become extinct? For the first time his confidence wavered. A harassing doubt arose as to whether there might not be some truth in the accusation of his enemies. Yet in this moment of harrowing uncertainty, a consoling spirit whispered to him to seek light from God himself, by a strange and superhuman means.

He rose from his knees and desired the other monks to be called. When all were assembled around the bed of death, he said to the poor sufferer lying there: "You see, my beloved brother, in what affliction and trouble you are about to leave us. We believe assuredly that we are walking in the narrow way which our blessed St. Benedict traced for us, but that manner of life may not be pleasing to God. Therefore in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, for whose sake we have chosen the narrow path, I command you by your vow of obedience, that when you shall be with God you will return to us at the time and in the manner which shall please him to inform us, according to his will, what we are to believe concerning our state and the life which we are leading."

The dying man answered in the same spirit: "Reverend father, I will most willingly do as you command me if you will aid me with your holy prayers, so that I may be permitted to execute your orders,"—and having thus spoken he expired.

Some days afterwards, as the Abbot gave the usual signal for repose after working with his brethren, he retired a little apart and began to pray, and looking up towards heaven he beheld the deceased monk standing before him all resplendent with glory. St. Stephen asked how it fared with him, and the monk answered: "I am happy and wish you to be a sharer in my happiness, for to your constant care do I owe the ecstatic bliss and peace which I enjoy, and which surpass all that man can conceive. In obedience to your command, I return to tell you, my father and all my brethren, that our Lord Jesus Christ looks upon this new order with especial favor. Banish your affliction then, and let it be changed into joy, for behold God will shortly make known to you the riches of his mercy, and will send you a great number of novices, among whom there shall be many mighty, noble, wise, and holy persons; and they shall so fill this house that they shall go forth from it like a swarm of bees to overspread all parts of the world."

"The monk," adds the ancient chronicle of the time, "having uttered these words, asked and received the blessing of him who had been so long his guide in the school of sanctity, and then disappeared, leaving St. Stephen in an ecstasy of joy and gratitude."

This revelation revived the courage of the monks, and henceforth they lived in the trustful expectation of its fulfilment. At last one day, when St. Stephen and the little remnant of his community were praying before the altar of God for the speedy accomplishment of his divine promise, a troop of men, to the number of thirty, headed by a youth of distinguished appearance, knocked at the monastery gate. St. Stephen went to receive them full of joy and hope, and they fell at his feet beseeching admission into his order.

"Such was the effect of their arrival," writes William of St. Thierry, "that the house seemed filled with the words of the prophet: 'Give praise, O thou barren that bearest not, sing forth praise and make a joyful noise.'"

The youthful leader of that chosen group of aspirants to the habit of St. Benedict, was St. Bernard. In the year 1113 he entered the order of Citeaux and at the age of three and twenty took up the cross of Christ, which was to be henceforth the sole enduring love of his heart. The great ardor and sensibility of his nature centred on the all high and unseen God, for whom to labor and to suffer was his dearest joy—the one thought occupying his mind: "What more can I do? What more can I suffer for my God?" Is this difficult to understand? No! Bernard loved! *Da amantem et sentit quid dico.* (*St. Augustine.*)

Bernard, the third son of Teclin, Lord of Fontaines, near Dijon, and Elizabeth, daughter of Count Bernard de Monthbar, was born towards the close of the eleventh century. His mother had always been remarkable for piety, and had offered her first two sons to God; but Bernard she consecrated more especially to him, for, before his birth, a man of great sanctity had said to her: "Behold, you shall be the mother of a child, who like a faithful dog shall guard the house of the Lord and bark loudly against the enemies of the faith; for he shall be a great preacher, and with his healing tongue he shall cure the wounds of many souls."

The mother accordingly watched and tended little Bernard as a most precious flower, and he amply repaid her love and care. Whilst yet almost an infant he often stole away to weep over his faults and sob forth some simple, childish prayer for forgiveness.

When of an age to go to school Bernard was sent to the college attached to the church of Chatillon, renowned in those days for the great

erudition of its professors, and in a short time he distinguished himself in the various sciences, sacred and profane. Poetry also was a favorite study, and he became, perhaps, too passionately devoted to *les belles-lettres;* yet even in the eager pursuit of learning he lost none of his early piety, it remained as fervent as in the days of his childhood, exalted and deepened by the dawn of maturity.

Bernard returned home just at this critical age, but there a bitter trial awaited him. Six months had barely passed when his mother, his idolized mother, was borne to the grave. Her death was the cause of keen sorrow to all her dear ones, but to Bernard the blow was heavier than he could bear without flinching. She had been to him mother, sister, friend, companion, all in one, and now that she was taken the sweetness of life was gone, no human consolation could reach the depths of that grief, and even religion seemed cold and silent in the hour of desolation. All the fervor which but a short time ago had animated his devotion vanished, and nothing remained save a sense of duty and unutterable weariness. Earth and even heaven itself had grown dark for him; yet his faith stood firm, shining like a star through the darkness, reminding him

> How sublime a thing it is
> To suffer, and be strong.

To distract his thoughts it was deemed well that he should adopt some new way of life and sphere of activity. Now came the eventful moment. Would he try to grasp and realize the dream of happiness in this world, or resign it here and secure its substance in eternity? Natural inclination pleaded for the former; the secret whispers of his conscience for the latter. Young, handsome, clever, and the son of a brave and chivalrous knight, how brilliant a career was open to him—yet that importuning whisper!

Thus assailed by contrary forces, he remained for some time undecided, when one day, as he rode along unaccompanied, and in deep thought, the world and its vicissitudes appeared to pass before his sight as a mere show, and spirit voices filled the air repeating, "Come to me, all you that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." These words penetrated Bernard's heart with a new force, and seeing a church close by he alighted from his horse and went in and prostrated himself before the altar. Then a deep peace fell upon his weary soul; the old fervor of his love returned, and he vowed to consecrate himself to God forever. Comforted and at peace with himself, he returned home and announced his resolution to bid adieu to the world. Shortly afterwards he went to Chatillon to prepare for the great change in his life. There his words and example produced such an effect that numbers of the students determined to follow him wherever he went, and among these there were four of his brothers. All that had then to be done was to fix on an order, and Bernard's favorite maxim being *Si incipis, perfecte incipe,* "If thou beginnest, begin well," he chose the most austere—that of Citeaux, and his companions readily concurred in his choice. They settled their worldly affairs like men preparing for death, and Bernard and his brothers went to Fontaines to take leave of their father.

Having obtained the old man's blessing, they left him and rejoined their companions, with whom they set out for Citeaux, where we have already heard of their arrival at the gates of the monastery.

From the time of his entrance into religion Bernard's constant endeavor was to realize in himself his favorite maxim, *Si incipis, perfecte incipe,* and so prepare himself by practice for all that he was afterwards to teach. His observance of rule was unvarying, exact, and united with a simple joyfulness in the performance of the most humiliating and painful exercises of

St. Benedict's discipline, and the aged Saint who governed this nursery of laborers for Christ, watched with mingled admiration and surprise, the daily increase of his young novice's virtue.

At length the ardently longed for day of profession arrived, in the month of April, 1114. Bernard and his companions pronounced their final vows with deep emotion. They tasted the joy of attaining to the highest summit of one's desires, of the repose which can only come where the heart's void is filled.

Bernard's example drew so many novices to Citeaux that the monastery could hardly contain them, and St. Stephen was obliged to seek a place for a new foundation. In the province of Langres there was a marshy desert where it was suggested the religious of Citeaux could easily obtain permission to establish themselves. St. Stephen knew no one in that diocese who would help to maintain the new foundation, nevertheless he resolved to begin it and trust to God for its success. Accordingly he chose a certain number of monks, with St. Bernard as their leader, and desired them to go forth in God's name.

Bernard was only five and twenty, and his appointment as superior in so difficult an undertaking was looked upon by all with astonishment.

After the touching ceremony which invested him with the rank of abbot, Bernard left the church, and carrying his crosier, and followed by a little band of twelve monks, set out on a long and weary journey. They were obliged to cross tracts of uncultivated country and dense forests before they reached the swampy valley of Absinthea, and there, in spite of innumerable difficulties, founded the new monastery, and changed its name of Absinthea to Clair-Vallée (Clairvaux).

Years passed and St. Bernard became the most eminent man of his time. He was consulted by kings and princes, the rich and the poor, the learned and the ignorant, the strong and the weak—all sought this man of God. He was the adviser of the one, the consoler of the other, the revered of all. He was ever ministering to others, though constantly suffering himself from severe and prolonged attacks of illness, thus his whole life became one of uninterrupted devotedness and activity in the great cause of good.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE Dublin *University Magazine* is orange-colored, both in external covering and symbolically also, as its articles on the Church abundantly testify. The "Silent Sister," as Trinity College is called, does not keep her tongue when she has any opportunity of berating the Church. Then she is a veritable shrew. A leading article in the February number, entitled "The Hands that hold the Keys of Peter," is a coarse and vulgar critique upon the life and character of Pope Pius IX, of blessed memory. The article, of course, was written previously to the death of the Sovereign Pontiff. It charges him with the misfortunes of the Church, with infidelity and apostasy, and continues in a strain of weak and malicious invective. What the *University* means by misfortunes must be interpreted according to the Protestant idea, which seems to regard temporal loss as far more to be regretted than spiritual bankruptcy. A favorite Protestant argument for the Reformation is a comparison between the great earthly prosperity of Protestant countries and the poverty of Catholic ones. Macaulay said, you can tell the difference between the two religions in passing from a Protestant county in Ireland to a Catholic county, and from a Protestant Swiss canton to a Catholic one. Money is not one of the marks of the true Church, so far as our theological studies inform us. Spiritual growth in holiness is not parallel with the growth of manufactories, nor does purity of heart depend upon the excellence of underground drainage. There is no point in the argument. Catholicity is not an element of political economy; yet, even on their own grounds, we can challenge Protestants to a

comparison. They make the fallacy of mistaking effects for causes, and *vice versa*. What has Protestantism to do with the prosperity of England, as compared with Catholicity and the prosperity of France? It may be said that religion has very little, if anything, to do with either. The stock market and the chapel, whether Protestant or Catholic, are not on the best of terms. Christianity came to teach men not how to save money, but how to save their souls. There is no parity between the Church and sects. The Church civilized mankind ages before Luther. She had all the heavy work to do. She was the pioneer of civilization. Protestantism coolly appropriated the results of her labors, even to the meanness of stealing her cathedrals and churches, robbing her religious orders, and, most cruel of losses, spiriting away her children.

But to return to the *University Magazine*. The Church unfortunate under Pius IX! Hear it, ye heavens, and give ear, O earth! Why, she never enjoyed such glory. His was the grandest Pontificate since the days of St. Peter. Never did the unity, apostolicity, holiness, and catholicity of the Church—her four glorious suns—make such brilliant showing in the world before. The heavens and the earth were filled with her glory. Obscured by the clouds of the French Revolution, she was led out radiant as a bride by the hand of Pius IX. Unfortunate, forsooth! He canonized more saints, preconized more bishops, held the greatest of councils, and paid the most glorious of honors to the Blessed Virgin, that history records. We only hope that the Church will continue to be overwhelmed by such misfortunes as marked the reign of the great and blessed Pontiff who has passed away.

A WRITER in one of our popular monthlies has a sensible article upon "What our Boys Read," and he calls attention to the dangerous quality of the boys and girls' weeklies that flood the country. This sort of literature is shown to be mawkish in sentiment, extravagant in statement, and fatal to morality. The idea of boys and girls being introduced to a class of ideas and sentiments that children of a large growth cannot entertain without danger to their souls, is clearly brought out. Our juvenile reading was confined to such books of healthy adventure and interest as Robinson Crusoe, the Swiss Family Robinson, and the stories of Mayne Reid. Now, we understand, instead of the glorious prairie and the desert island, boys revel in luxurious apartments, and are frantically enamored of fair Dulcineas, shoot their rivals, run off with the damsel, and at the precocious age of thirteen speak solemnly of passing their declining years with love in a cottage. The idiots that write these tales should be summarily strait-jacketed, and some move should be made on the part of parents and heads of families, and of educational institutions, to prevent the issue and sale of the more notorious and deleterious of these papers. If Swift is right when he tells us that no man has ripe sense until he is forty, and if not then, he is hopelessly a fool, what sense have children just emerging from the nursery? What a miserable impression is left upon their receptive minds by the perusal of these infamous papers! The less children know about certain subjects the better, and as childhood and youth vanish, alas, too suddenly, a wrong is done them by acquainting them at an earlier age with the trials, crimes, and "general cussedness" that will soon enough assail them in maturer life.

THE two recent appointments to vacant sees in the United States are of such importance that we could not omit making mention of them here, notwithstanding the fact that their lives have been so circumstantially detailed in the more ephemeral daily and weekly press. The Sees of Vincennes and Richmond have been supplied with pastors who, before their elevation, were eminent beyond their peers. Mgr. Chatard, as rector of the American College at Rome, may have become more widely known by his recent tour of the United States in favor of the institution in the government of which he showed the eminent qualities that fit a priest to rule a diocese; whilst Father Keane displayed the same rare talent by his prudent management of the important parish of St. Patrick, Washington, where he has been a faithful shepherd over a faithful flock ever since his ordination. Indeed, the Catholics of both dioceses have every reason to be grateful in piety for the excellent choice which the Holy See has made in the case of each; and we hope that this mission is only a preparatory step to high honors.

ON the first of April the daily papers announced the death of Cardinal Louis Amat di San Felippo e Sorso. He was bishop of Ostia and Velletri, dean of the Sacred College, archpriest of the patriarchal basilica of Santa Maria Maggiore, and prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Rites. Born at Cagliari, Sardinia, on June 21st, 1796, he had almost completed his eighty-second year at the time of his death. Gregory XVI raised him to the cardinalate on May 10th, 1837, intrusted him with the See of Palestinia on March 15th, 1852, and made him vice-chan-

cellor of the Roman Church soon after. *Requiescat in pace.*

AT the early age of thirty-seven the Rev. Philip Rappagliosi, S. J., has been called to his reward. For the last five years he had been laboring among the Flathead and Blackfeet Indians of the Far West. On Thursday, February 7th, he died in a rude hut in a camp of half-breeds on Milk River, Montana. Father Decorby, O. M. J., attended his last moments and administered the last sacraments to him. *May he rest in peace.*

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE FALL OF RORA. The Search after Proserpine and other Poems, Meditative and Lyrical. By Aubrey de Vere. Henry S. King & Co., London, 1878.

The name of Aubrey de Vere is familiar to the Catholic world as one written high in the temple of poesy. The characteristics of this great poet are his deep religious feeling, his powerful dramatic genius, and his consummate skill in the composition of the sonnet—a form of poetical composition in which few, even eminent poets, are successful. It is observable that Tennyson carefully avoids it.

The mention of the poet laureate's name suggests a comparison between him and De Vere, a comparison which results in giving the palm to the Catholic poet. Both belong to the same school, the Wordsworthian, and both have put forth their powers in the same field. Tennyson's place among the Victorian poets, at no time secure, has been of late years seriously threatened by the younger generation of poets. His Arthurian Idyls, on which his fame will ultimately rest, have been growing more turgid from year to year, while the chaste and elegant poems of Aubrey de Vere show a marked growth of the poetic talent and metrical skill. All critics are agreed that Tennyson's dramatic attempts have proved most unfortunate to his reputation, whilst De Vere's *Alexander* and *Thomas à Becket* abound in dramatic beauties and *tours de force.*

In this collection of his poems we have seventy-five exquisite sonnets on a vast diversity of subjects and themes, all treated with an eye to the enforcement of some deep moral truth or Catholic sentiment. The following on the saints as painted by Perugino, is very beautiful:

"Glory to God, of all fair things the maker,
For that he dwelleth in the mind of man!
Glory to man, of that large grace partaker
For that he storeth thus his spirit's span
With shapes our earth creates not, neither can,
Till like a flood, her vanished youth o'ertake her,
And Heaven's 'New Song' to loftier labors wake her,
High artist then, as now poor artisan.

Mark, mark, those awful sons of martyrdom,
With their uplifted hands, but eyes downcast,
As though the uncreated light had dazed them;
The error of our brief existence past,
They stand like saints resurgent from the tomb,
Suspended still on that great voice that raised them!"

Tennyson is exquisite in the songs that intersperse his longer poems. *The Bugle Song, Elaine's Song, and Queen Mary's Song,* are full of a subtle melody which dwells on the mind like music. But like songs intended for music, there is little or no thought in them. Not so the songs of De Vere. Our readers will find in this collection the best specimens of his genius, and we cordially commend it to the lovers of good poetry.

POEMS. By "Eva," of *The Nation.* San Francisco. P. I. Thomas, 1877.

The poems contained in this volume were originally contributed to the *Dublin Nation,* and relate to the heroic but ill-fated struggle of 1848, for the vindication of Ireland's right to all the liberties and prerogatives of a free country. The poems vary in character, tone, and sentiment, but in the main they are the expression of the writer's intense sympathy with the national movement for freedom, and their natural and fervid tone indicates the depths of her hope and grief as called forth by the varying fortunes of her country's cause. There are also several very well-executed translations of some of Beranger's songs, though no subsequent writer can hope to equal Father Prout's or Thackeray's success in this sphere. There is a monotonous *lilt* in many of the songs and poems, and a rigidity of metre that indicates a certain inexperience in the writer; but there are many poems which have an ease, vigor, and melody that show no uncommon poetic talent. This, on Our Older Tongue, is truly melodious:

"From dim tradition's far-off opal fountains,
Where clouds and shadows loom,
Deep in the silence of the tall, gray mountains'
Primeval gloom,

Thy silvery stream flows down with music bounding,
Oh, ancient tongue!
With love and tears, and laughter softly sounding
As wild bird's liquid song!"

We recommend the book as free from those blemishes which destroy some poetry on Irish subjects. It will awaken feelings of patriotic affection and reminiscence in the Irish mind, as it is on the whole the best collection of Irish poems and songs that has appeared since the days of Davis, with possibly the exception of the poems of Speranza, of whom we are reminded.

VALEDICTORY.

WITH this number the further publication of the CATHOLIC RECORD will cease. We have been brought to this conclusion reluctantly, not by want of sufficient support and encouragement to continue the RECORD, but by the conviction that it seriously interferes with our other publications, the *Catholic Standard* and the *American Catholic Quarterly Review*. It divided with those publications the time, attention, and energy which we feel it is necessary to give them, and which we desire to concentrate upon them.

These considerations have been in our mind for some time, but we were loath to yield to them. We are naturally attached to the RECORD, grateful for the generous patronage that has been accorded to it, and impressed with the conviction that it was an efficient instrumentality for good in supplying, along with other Catholic monthlies, a species of literature greatly needed in this country.

But looking at our relation to the other two publications already mentioned, each extending from different sides over the field occupied by the RECORD, we have been forced to the conclusion that it would be better for the cause of Catholic literature in the United States, and the general interests we have at heart, if the time, attention, and labor required to maintain the RECORD in the position which, with the co-operation of many warm and earnest friends and supporters, we have succeeded in gaining for it, were concentrated upon our two other publications.

The *Catholic Standard*, as we have already intimated, covers the greater portion of the ground occupied by the RECORD, and what it does not is effectually covered by the *American Catholic Quarterly Review*. In discontinuing the RECORD, and concentrating our time and energies upon the *Review*, we do not, therefore, feel that we are abandoning to neglect any portion of the field we have heretofore endeavored to occupy; but rather that we are preparing the way for deeper and more thorough culture.

In conclusion, we thank gratefully and most sincerely the patrons and readers of the RECORD for the kind and warm interest they have ever manifested in our efforts to supply them in its pages with healthful and salutary Catholic literature, and for the generous support they have ever accorded us. We indulge the hope, too, that though the bond between us and them, which the RECORD formed, will no longer exist, yet that it will continue still, and be strengthened and drawn closer through the columns of the *Catholic Standard* and the pages of the *American Catholic Quarterly Review*.

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